

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

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Twenty-Second Year—Jan. 9, 1915

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FEATURES OF THE WEEK

Pure Water and Pure Buncombe
President Blaisdell's Great Feat
Tips to the State Legislature
Pinchbeck in the Daily Papers
America's Philosophy of Peace
Browsings: Dryden's Fables
Wilbur Hall Gains Recognition
Literary Horror of War

By the Way--Theaters--Music--Society--Finan-
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Week--Moving Pictures--Art

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank of Los Angeles AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DECEMBER 31, 1914

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$16,039,239.08
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	1,294,475.00
U. S. Bonds and Other Securities to Secure Circulation	2,402,875.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	None
Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit.....	36,556.12
Furniture and Fixtures	175,000.00
Subscription to the \$100,000,000.00 Gold Fund	25,497.50
Cash and Sight Exchange	6,691,664.52
	\$26,665,307.22

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,467,521.74
Circulation	1,978,800.00
Reserve for Taxes, Etc.....	54,165.04
Letters of Credit	37,006.12
Bills Payable	485,000.00
Notes and Bills Rediscounted	600,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	430,375.00
Deposits	19,112,439.32
	\$26,665,307.22

Commercial and Travelers' Letters of Credit Issued
Interest Paid on Time Deposits

I, W. T. S. Hammond, Cashier of the above named bank, do
solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my
knowledge and belief.

DIRECTORS.

J. M. Elliott John P. Burke C. W. Gates Dan Murphy
Stoddard Jess J. C. Drake John B. Miller F. Q. Story

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DECEMBER 31, 1914 (Owned by the Stockholders of the First National Bank)

RESOURCES

Loans and Dis- counts	\$13,466,192.17
Bonds, Securities, Etc.	2,134,430.32
Banking House, Furniture & Fix- tures	1,050,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	3,352,047.56
Total	\$20,002,670.05

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,300,000.00
Undivided Profits	197,476.67
Reserve for Taxes, Interest, Etc. ...	29,633.16
DEPOSITS— Demand	\$ 5,810,509.39
Time	\$11,165,050.84
	\$16,975,560.22

Total\$20,002,670.05

THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, JANUARY 9, 1915

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

RANDOLPH BARTLETT :: ASSOCIATE



TRAIL OF THE RED HERRING

THAT was a pertinent interpolation of Judge Lewis Works, early in the week, when the counsel for the city, cross-examining a witness in the Owens River purity case, insistently and persistently interrogated him as to the motive for the suit, intimating that interested corporations were meeting the costs of the action. Apparently, the lawyer for the defendant municipality, by his mode of attack, considered it more important to reveal an interested motive than to disprove the charges of impure drinking water; which, evidently, was the impression of the trial judge who with pardonable impatience observed, rather sarcastically, "What difference does that make? The question is not who is promoting the suit, but as to the purity of the aqueduct water." It was a sapient reminder of the real issue before the court and should be kept in view throughout the proceedings. So far as the public is concerned, its interest lies in knowing beyond peradventure that the Owens River water supply is above suspicion. Let the counsel for the city lend their energies in allaying this doubt satisfactorily; the complainants' costs can be settled in any fashion; it is of no concern to the public.

We cannot forget that a reputable bacteriologist of recognized ability and high standing in the medical profession has made certain grave statements regarding the aqueduct supply source well calculated to disturb a community on which the water is to be turned loose. Were those statements justified? In addition to the testimony of Dr. Ethel Leonard there is the warning issued by Dr. Stanley Black, health officer of Pasadena, who, returning from a visit to the aqueduct intake, cautioned his people to shun the Owens River water, since it was disease laden. What prompted him to make that utterance? A sense of duty to his constituency, an impulse to serve Los Angeles a scurvy trick, or was he subsidized by the mythical principals the suspicious counsel for the aqueduct board assumes to be existent? Anybody who knows Dr. Black realizes how impossible it were to enlist him in any unethical cause. He is devoted to his work, a physician of great skill and unimpeachable integrity. Why is he not subpoenaed as a witness in this case? Why is he not summoned to explain just what he meant by his words of warning and what instigated their utterance?

We hope the conditions said to be prevalent north of the intake have so far been abated that the menace they held for Los Angeles users of the water no longer exist. If they do, however,

there should be no unwise effort made to conceal the truth by drawing a red herring across the trail of the conduit. If there is danger of infection, let the truth be made known and the remedy applied. We believe the only safe way to use aqueduct water is to take it from the head of the valley, far above the present intake. Not until the conduit is extended sixty miles farther north, the prior rights in the pure sidestreams acquired, in order to get sufficient volume for power purposes, and the Long Valley reservoir site obtained from Mr. Fred Eaton—which we have ever held to be a chief requisite—will the aqueduct system be so perfected that all danger of contamination will be removed and the people of Los Angeles rendered immune from infection.

TIPS TO THE STATE LEGISLATURE

NATURALLY, the rabid partisan man will find serious objections to the plan advocated by the governor in his biennial message to the legislature, urging the election of all state officials without party designation of any sort. What a blow to the Old Guard if this suggestion is ratified! What a crying shame to deprive our stand-fast, stand-true, standpat journals of the opportunity to hold forth in leaded brevier on the party of Lincoln, of Penrose, of high protection! Really, this savors of extreme cruelty and yet it is likely to become the law of the state. And why not? We have discarded the party designation in city and county elections to good purpose; it is merely applying the same principle on a broader basis. For the past, and what has been accomplished, in the way of progress we have great respect, but to elect a man to a state office because the party with which he is affiliated has achieved greatness—in the past—has always appeared to us as sublimely ridiculous. As the executive truly says, efficient business management of a state government may be best attained without politics. The policies of a national party are of small moment in conducting to the interior welfare of a state.

We are glad to note that Governor Johnson agrees that abuses have crept into direct legislation, as witness the recent forty-eight submissions, which, although intelligently considered in the main, developed menacing symptoms, notably in the abolition of the poll tax. Such questions should not be put to a popular vote; invariably, prejudice and not reason will prevail. The approval of the anti-poll tax measure has lost us \$800,000 in annual revenue, while the declaring unconstitutional of the state corporation license tax has cost the public treasury \$2,500,000 more. Yet the people have voted additional commissions at an added expense to the state. To meet the deficit the governor recommends a raise in the corporation tax, basing his action on the report of the state board of equalization, which, in 1913, found that the average tax rate in California for all property was \$1.1386 in each one hundred dollars of actual value. The corporation tax was raised in proportion, but in the last two years city and county taxes have increased beyond the basic rate of 1913, while the withdrawn corporation rate has remained the same. He urges that the burden of taxation be equalized by raising the corporation tax in proportion, if, after due investigation, it shall be found a just procedure.

Governor Johnson further recommends the creation of free labor exchanges, the establishing of a system of rural credits and rigid economy in making appropriations. It is comforting, also, to note that the policy of the administration will

be to perfect the existing laws rather than the enactment of new measures, for which the upper court judges, in particular, and the people generally, will be duly thankful. We have read the message in vain to find any recommendation as to the further baiting of the Japanese and must therefore conclude that the present legislature will not attempt to take additional liberties with the federal prerogatives to the further embarrassment of the state department at Washington. By confining his activities to what actually concerns the welfare of the people of California, without interjecting demagoguery, as in the anti-alien land law case, the governor earns the respect and good will of all citizens. It is only when he slops over, as in the instance noted, and in the molycoddling of criminals under capital sentence, that he lays himself open to deserved criticism. His commissions, in the main, are admirably formed, in which connection it is a pleasure to indorse his recent appointment of Mr. Frank F. Devlin to fill the vacancy on the railroad board, created by the election of Mr. Eshleman to the office of lieutenant-governor. Reappointment of the other members of the board is also to be commended.

PINCHBECK IN THE DAILY PAPERS

RECENTLY, an observant Frenchman, traveling in this country, made the intelligent comment that the greatest fault he could find in our newspapers was the tendency to extravagance in language, an over-accentuation of trivial happenings. There was a flagrant example of this trait in one of our local papers this week when a diminutive coon cat or fox cat that had strayed into an office building on a semi-business street was caught after a lively chase and caged. This rather novel procedure was featured as a "Jungle Fight in a Skyscraper." The "skyscraper" is about ninety feet high, quite a few hundred million miles short of tickling the vault of heaven, and the denizen of the "jungle" is not much larger than a wharf rat. As for the "fight," with seven husky men chasing the frightened little animal the absurdity of the term is at once apparent. Possibly, it was intended as a humorous description, but neither the article nor the heading betrayed hints that other than a serious account of the "battle" was contemplated.

Not long ago a Pasadena man who had been missing from his home for two years returned unexpectedly to his deserted wife and family, whereupon he was hailed by several newspapers as an "Enoch Arden," proclaiming both extravagance and ignorance on the part of the responsible writers. His wife had not taken a second husband in his absence, inducing him to disappear without revealing himself, as in the poem; in short, the reference to the Tennyson character was grotesquely far-fetched. Similar disparities could be cited ad nauseam; they are ever with us. A few days ago a telegraph dispatch under a Chicago date line told of the closing of an old book shop, for more than a quarter of a century a noted resort for the "bookish" people of the middle west metropolis. Over this rather sad piece of intelligence appeared the explanatory heading: "Lounging Place for the Fellows with the Long Hair Makes an Assignment in Chicago." Is it any wonder?

There was a time when the daily papers of Chicago paid marked attention to matters bookish. The Tribune had a distinctly literary flavor. Eugene Field in his "Sharps and Flats" made the

editorial page of the Daily News scintillate with his witticisms and literary lore, while the Evening Post, in more sedate form, extolled the good things fresh from the book publishers. All this made for a literary atmosphere and whetted the appetites of men and women for the best in books, old and new. Nowadays, gross materialism takes precedence. Save for Elia Peattie's Saturday disquisitions in the Tribune and a book page, without the real flavor, in the Post, once a week, Chicago readers are not incited to browse around the shelves of old book shops or leave their orders in advance at the stores for the newer publications in anything like the same ratio of fifteen or twenty years ago. Whether it is the permeation of the automobile, which discourages serious and applied reading or the frivolous newspapers with their "pinks" and pictorial pettinesses, their laudation of the unimportant, their neglect of the finer things of life, that are to blame, we are not prepared to say, we only see a result and deplore the lowered plane that has induced it.

Printing signed articles from foreign contributors on abstruse subjects does not give literary tone to an editorial page. That must exude from the responsible editor and permeate the paper in all departments. The reply, doubtless, is that the papers give what the people want. It is not a conclusive rejoinder. Make them want what you can give them. The clientele will develop itself if the field is not too limited. Of course, there is a preponderance of readers that will prefer sporting news and alleged pictorial art with its dreary "humorous" text accompanying; but, always, there is a patient, if tolerant, coterie of higher intelligence waiting to be served with the genuine article instead of having pinchbeck palmed off as a substitute in the daily papers.

PRESIDENT BLAISDELL, SALUT!

EAST and west the cause of education is showing signs of signal indorsement, if the large sums of money contributed by individuals and voted by the taxpayers are to be so regarded. In the last two years, for example, more than two million dollars have been raised for Wellesley College; California, last November, ratified a bond issue of \$1,800,000 for the state university, and now Pomona College, in our own county, has made the gratifying announcement that a million dollars have been pledged to its campaign fund. While this is highly satisfactory, the good work is not yet completed, as the local institution must still raise \$100,000 to fulfill the conditions of the campaign and secure the grant of \$150,000 from the Rockefeller Board. The college, however, has three months in which to get the last hundred thousand, which is necessary to pay off outstanding debts. This campaign was opened in 1912 and received its initial impetus by the pledge of \$150,000, on a \$1,100,000 fund, by the General Education (Rockefeller) Board of New York City. The time limit for the raising of the million was January 1, 1915.

In view of the general business conditions which the country has faced in the last two years the work of President Blaisdell in accomplishing what so many of his friends regarded as a hopeless task is certainly an extraordinary achievement. It would have been a highly creditable performance for any one of the older colleges, with an alumni list stretching back forty or fifty years, since such an institution can count upon the liberal gifts of wealthy graduates. Pomona College graduated its first class in 1894; its alumni body, therefore, is made up largely of young men and women who still have their way to win in the world. Although its alumni supported the campaign loyally, the majority of the million was, of a necessity, raised outside. This is the inevitable sequence where a college so quickly emerges from youth to manhood. Considering this and the financial stress experienced

by the country at large, we think President Blaisdell has well earned the sobriquet of "wizard of finance," bestowed by the many admirers of his indefatigable address.

It is interesting to note that the major part of the million dollars for Pomona College was raised in Southern California. One splendid gift—the largest single contribution—of \$160,000, came from Chicago, but aside from that sum, this part of the state made noble response. The town of Claremont in which the college is situated raised in excess of \$100,000. Fifty thousand dollars was the gift of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, to establish a foundation to be known as the Warren F. Day Memorial. The citizens of Orange county gave the money for a marine laboratory at Laguna Beach. Of the notable individual gifts, the first came from Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bridges of San Diego who pledged \$100,000 to build a music hall in memory of their daughter, who died while in attendance at Pomona College. Another large contribution came from San Diego from Mr. George W. Marston. Mr. Nathan W. Blanchard, long time friend of the college and one of the members of the first board of trustees, who still serves on the board, was another of the liberal contributors. The alumni raised money for the F. P. Brackett chair of astronomy; the students gave funds for a swimming pool, also other gifts reaching into the thousands.

It is understood, however, that a large share of the million dollar endowment was contributed in small amounts and that several thousand people participated in the campaign. This speaks well for the popularity of the college and the loyalty of its friends, but it is generally admitted that to the president of the institution, Dr. James Arnold Blaisdell, belongs the chief credit, for it was to his wisdom in planning, his enthusiasm and his untiring labors that success was due.

SHIPPING BILL AND EXPORT TRADE

REPORTING favorably the government ship purchase bill, Senator Fletcher, acting chairman of the commerce committee, has announced that he will press the measure to a vote within a few weeks. It is explained that there is no desire to create a government monopoly in the shipping business, nor is it contemplated in the proposed legislation that the government shall permanently remain interested in shipping. Wherever private interests will, at reasonable rates and with proper facilities, serve American commerce in ocean transportation, the government will be more than content to have them do so. Moreover, the government is not to enter the oceanic field as a cut-throat competitor. Its purpose is to aid and not to injure American commerce. Explains Senator Fletcher: "It must, of course, be recognized that privately owned American vessels in ocean transportation are a part of American commerce, and are not therefore to be hindered, but rather are to be helped."

That the country soon will be in dire need of this additional shipping to transport the greatly augmented overseas trade that has sprung up since the war a glance at the department of commerce reports for November and preceding months makes plain. Exports for November reached \$205,878,333 as against \$126,467,062 imports, leaving a margin to our credit of \$79,411,271. In October the margin of exports over imports was \$56,630,650. In September it was \$16,341,722, while in August the balance was in favor of imports, amounting to \$19,400,406. This latter item indicates a difference in our favor of \$60,000,000 a month after four months of war, or at the rate of \$720,000,000 a year, greater than the greatest balance of trade ever achieved under the Payne-Aldrich tariff. For the eleven months ending with November the exports totalled \$1,867,991,492, as compared with \$2,250,882,664 for the corresponding months of last year. This de-

crease is attributable wholly to the war. For instance, in November, 1913, the exports were \$245,538,542 or about forty millions greater than in 1914. The decrease is due entirely to the elimination of cotton exports which last year amounted to \$71,401,324. But, as shown, the increase this year in all other kinds of exports was in excess of \$31,000,000.

It is interesting to note where this increased trade went. In November five countries only seem to have taken the augmented exports: Australia, from \$3,463,400 to \$4,017,285; France, from \$19,019,758 to \$20,864,579; Italy, from \$7,771,113 to \$17,031,754, and the United Kingdom from \$66,760,195 to \$69,589,297. It was the big increase in Italy's purchases, doubtless, that caused the British government to enlarge its lists of contraband and to insist that American ships entering British ports submit to a detailed examination of their cargoes. Exports to Germany fell off six million dollars in November—all cotton. According to department of commerce officials their methods of testing indicate that if the war had not come the balance of trade, while not so great as the preceding year, would, nevertheless, have been satisfactory, considering the fact that in the calendar year there had been a revision of the tariff, which it was known would change the currents of trade at least until there was time for readjustment. As it is, however, the big jump in November exports, by means of which the United States is building up a credit abroad, will make it impossible for European holders of American securities to dump our stocks and bonds upon this market, which improved condition gives warrant for general rejoicing, since a healthier tone is bound to be reflected throughout the country.

AMERICA'S PHILOSOPHY OF PEACE

WRITING in the current number of the Yale Review—a particularly well-edited and well-contained magazine—on "America and the European War," Mr. Norman Angell, one of the ablest advocates of international peace, points out that the present European war is an extraordinary tribute to a half dozen university professors and a few writers and theorists, whose false ideals and ideas have produced a philosophy of militarism that is not only responsible for the greatest war of history, but the radical transformation of the nature and character of a nation of seventy million souls—from a beneficent to a maleficent force in Europe. The nature of the doctrine which has performed a double miracle, in transforming a great and civilized nation into a menace to mankind, rendering it necessary for civilized Europe to put twelve millions of its soldiers into the field in order to fight it, is obviously worth a little study, and Mr. Angell's the task to shed light.

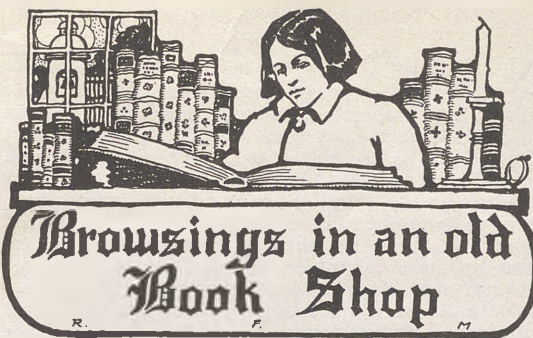
Germany, it is said, would be master of Europe and so of the world, upon which she would impose her culture as a matter largely of national pride. It is an ideal, but one so far removed from the liberal spirit of the nation of half a century ago that it cannot be said to be "in the blood." Bernhardt, as we have seen, finds war not so much a painful necessity as a splendid duty. Having made of Germany a national union, it is now to be a means of securing for the German spirit and German ideas that fitting recognition "which has hitherto been held from them." Of course, a philosophy that amounts to a struggle to weed out the feeble and enthroned the strong is not new. But when that doctrine derides peace proponents as amiable sentimentalists who lack the virile human outlook, it sets at naught a great natural law. To what end, asks Mr. Angell, does Germany desire the hegemony of Europe? and answers: for itself! Naturally, this involves a clash with other nationalities. Instead of the religious wars of the past, where the spiritual conflict was dragged down from the higher plane, whereon it might

have purified men, to a plane whereon it certainly debased them, the self-glorification idea is combated and the nations, now pitted against one another, will in time, as surely cease to attach great value to the domain of ideals of nationality as eventually, one warring religious group did to the military domination of another.

Mr. Angell contends that the present will-to-power philosophy which dominates Germany is the direct outcome of the university teachings noted and that only by intellectual fermentation can it be dissipated, even as after a period of theological discussion the Catholics and Protestants have not only ceased massacring one another, but have lost all desire to do so. How is this heaven to work? Germany declares she must expand. Very well, that means political aggression, but it is a fallacy to say that Germany must enlarge her physical space or see her people starve. She can get food for the masses without fighting for it; merely by paying for it. So long as the old beliefs obtain war will go on. It is only through the establishment of right ideas as to the relationship of nations will universal peace be reached. Here is where America has opportunity to play her great part. Declares Mr. Angell: "In the world constitution of the future, three broad principles must stand out: First, that the final appeal in government must be the consent of the governed; secondly, that the existing system of alliance by which one group pits its power against another group must give way to a system in which all are brought into alliance for the protection of each; and, thirdly, in order to place the peace of the world elsewhere than in the hands of half a dozen diplomats, international engagements of the future to be valid must be public and receive constitutional sanction, while the deliberations of the future Council of Nations must also be public. With these three principles of government by consent, a federation for mutual protection and constitutional guarantees are precisely those principles which have been most completely worked out both in intention and, broadly speaking, in practice in the United States of America."

Because of her happy isolation, both geographically and historically, from the dreary squabbles that have precipitated this war, America, concludes Mr. Angell, will occupy a position of moral impartiality and neutrality which, if properly used, will give her the leadership of the world state of the future. He thinks that, in all probability, the treaty of peace will be signed in Washington, and is likely to come as an act of mediation from the President of the United States. That this will be a great service to mankind will be readily conceded. But if, in the next ten or fifteen years, America is to seize and maintain the lead in world polity, to impress her stamp upon the character of future world government, it will be because there is a wide and general comprehension of the essential truths of human intercourse. But this can only come through the dissemination of and the abiding faith in principles formulated and strengthened mainly through the work of American teachers. In other words, let the United States preach and teach the gospel of peace, by exposing the fallacies of the false philosophy of the Nietzschean school which has been so largely instrumental in provoking the world war of the twentieth century. Here is a glorious mission for the universities of the New World.

It is said that "a politician may commit a crime, but he must never make a mistake * * * therefore, the American policy is a mistake, in view of the future, and a blunder in policy is more unforgivable than a crime." This is a summing up by a German of the German idea of "efficiency" in statecraft. The old-fashioned way of expressing it was "The end justifies the means." The strange thing about almost every defender of Germany's action in this war is that by similar statements he really strengthens the cause of the allies.



SEVENTEENTH century literature has been my entertainment through the holidays, more particularly John Dryden's prose and poetry. Than his admirable "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," with its frank tribute to Shakespeare, its fine appraisal of Ben Jonson, what more valuable treatise on these two great Elizabethan dramatists could we have? Says Dryden of Old Ben: "If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Johnson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare." It was of Milton, whom Dryden knew, personally, that he wrote:

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

Dryden was sixty-eight when his last and, doubtless, his best, book of verse, the "Fables," appeared. It is said that the deposed laureate, then in financial straits, sold them to his publisher for two hundred and fifty guineas. Dr. Aikin tells us that he contracted for a determinate number of lines, at a payment in proportion. But if it were a mercantile transaction, the poet, freed from his political shackles, disported more at ease, exhibiting great exuberance of fancy, combined with vigor of expression, to the wonder of his admirers, who hardly expected so much animation and poetical excellence in one of his advanced years. Dryden has informed us of his mental constitution at that period. He has written: "I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject." At the Old Book Shop I found a delightful little 1806 edition of the Fables, bound in full calf and embellished with a number of full-page, steel engravings. The collection of poems chiefly consists of a miscellany of pieces, partly translations, "partly paraphrases and improvements;" the former from Homer and Ovid, the latter from Chaucer and Boccaccio. It will be recalled, that until the appearance of these so-called "Fables," Dryden had devoted his poetical powers mainly to the purposes of religious or political party. Consequently, the appearance of the Fables, in which the fruits of age partake so much of the character of youth, were not only a surprise, but added greatly to his intellectual and literary primacy.

According to Dr. Aikin, the author's favorite in this collection is the heroic poem of Palamon and Arcite, imitated from Chaucer, who, though not the inventor of the story, was Dryden's original. In it, the age of the rude, half-savage hero, Theseus, is converted into the most splendid period of chivalry, a glaring anachronism, which must be attributed to poetical license. The chief merit of the poem consists in the copious fund it affords for various and colorful description. Dryden has followed Chaucer closely in the circumstances narrated, who, in turn, had them from Homer, but it is in his renovation of the tale that Dryden has excelled, and for which he is entitled to great merit. In the tale of Sigismonda and Guiscard, from Boccaccio, Dryden, for a wonder, has been almost prudish, in that he made a secret marriage precede the ardent meeting of the lovers; however, his warmth of coloring thereafter leaves little to the imagination. Sigismonda, it will be remembered, is a beautiful young widow, daughter of Prince Tancred. Her father welcomes her back to his court and strives to keep her unsought of men. But the fair princess is in no mood for such heart immurement and permits her fervent fancy to dwell upon the charms of Guiscard, one of the court gallants. When their amours are revealed to the father he

orders the ill-fated husband slain and his heart sent in a goblet rich with gems to the ravished widow. She presses the precious content to her lips, takes poison and dies, entreating her father with her last gasp to bury her husband's heart with her. Nice, cheerful story, this, but told with great skill and dramatic art.

Personally, I prefer the "Wife of Bath's Tale," from Chaucer, which Dryden has modernized, if the seventeenth century phraseology may be so termed. In this entertaining narrative it is related how a bachelor knight, in King Arthur's reign, did grievous wrong to a country damsel, was caught by the yokels and carried to court, where his life was demanded:

Now what should Arthur do? He loved the knight
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right.
Moved by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doomed the brutal ravisher to die.

But Queen Geneva rises in his defense and the king turns the knight over to her for disposition. She spares him on condition that in a year and a day he shall return and tell the court of women what her sex most desire. She warns him:

In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.

For a twelvemonth the knight wanders far afield asking of all he meets the solution of the riddle. He inquires of men, too—

but made his chief request
To learn from women what they loved the best.
They answered each according to her mind,
To please herself, not all the female kind.

But all to no purpose. Each one has a different answer and no two answers are alike. In despair, the year having expired, the knight is returning to meet his fate when his path leads through a lonely vale and there an old beldame accosts him inquiring the cause of his despondent looks. His story told, she bids him be of good cheer as she can solve the riddle, whereat he replies that any price she demands he will pay in case he answers aright. The court of women is convened upon the knight's arrival and the question is put to him. He replies:

What all your sex desire is sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command.
All must be hers, both money, house and land.
The maids are mistresses, even in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.

It is unanimously voted that the knight has said well and deserves his life. But before he is given his freedom the beldame upstarts and demands justice. She it is who has inspired the successful answer and the price was to be any boon she might crave. She demands the knight in marriage. He raves, he protests, but she will not release him and by the rules of the court he must submit. His ugly old bride rallies him on his excessive coldness, but his face is to the wall and he will not answer. She reads him a long curtain lecture on his conduct and at the close he sighs and resigns his will to hers, whereupon she bids him turn to look upon her and, lo, it is a young and comely wife he gazes upon. This same gratifying conclusion was the experience that befell Sir Gawaine, one of King Arthur's true knights, who, joined in marriage to a hideous hag, who had aided the king, was rejoiced to find that instead of a "lothelye dame" a blushing damsel was revealed. The tale is related in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and is believed by Percy to be more ancient than the time of Chaucer, in fact, to have furnished that bard with his "Wife of Bath's Tale." Dryden, however, is content with Chaucer, as his original source and they who have read all three versions will hold with me that Dryden has given us the sprightliest tale and the best poetry.

S. T. C.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

USHERING this year of magic import—we all hope—to Californians, two men of high vantage ground in national affairs attempt to strike the keynote of public opinion from widely divergent bases. Their views, reproduced in parallel columns in one of our great religious dailies, supply startling confirmation of conclusions reached by Guglielmo Ferrero in his analysis entitled "Ancient Rome and Modern America: a Comparative Study of Morals and Manners." The department of commerce, of course, is properly optimistic, and Secretary Redfield, extending the right hand of gladness to merchants and manufacturers, points to a clear blue sky of prosperous opportunity, insisting that "this country . . . always moves up and not down." In his inaugural message Governor Whitman of New York holds up the left finger of warning, protesting that law-

lessness is terribly prevalent, undermining moral health and engendering a fatal malady in the community.

Ferrero points out that the disease which destroyed ancient Rome was excessive urbanization and he warns us that this is one of the concomitant dangers of industrial supremacy. The Italian critic thinks that we worship quantity and not quality. His is, however, a kindly and sympathetic arraignment, for he is confident that we are working in the right direction to cure ourselves of our "opulent barbarism." Snobbery, he says, is only an effort to translate satiating quantity into refining quality.

* * *

Which reminds us that the quantitative legislature is in session. One of the most vivid recollections I retain of the late Chief Justice Beatty is that of the grand old jurist in his chambers with both arms weighed down with ponderous volumes. It was a year or so after the holocaust when the legislature had completed unusually prodigious labors and the net results had been reduced to the cold storage of type. With a groan the chief justice relieved himself of his burden and said, "There, my dear fellow, is what my associates and I are forced to assimilate before we can render a single decision and," with another sigh he added, "because of the accumulated litigation we are so far behind that we haven't been able to draw any salary for more than a year."

* * *

Governor Johnson has a rare opportunity to reduce the plethora of lawmaking to a minimum. In the history of the state he is only the second governor to win the distinction of re-election, and practically he has the legislature under his expansive thumb. Already, he has emphasized his conviction that the state has swallowed as ample a legislative menu as it can well digest and pay for. His determination, apparently, is to realize at least, part of the program already mapped out before countenancing any more schemes or dreams of propagandists.

* * *

Of course, even the mailed fist of the executive cannot close the mouth of the tyro assemblyman, brimful of paternalistic or material idealism. For instance, Assemblyman Harris of Bakersfield thinks that all native sons or daughters in this year of grace should be brought into the world at the expense of the state, and is seriously introducing a bill providing for the establishment of a maternity hospital in every county. As due notice has been served that no new construction can be started on any of the needful institutions already in existence owing to the depleted treasury, Mr. Harris' scheme is stillborn.

* * *

In contrite spirit the evening press, with the exception of the inexpensive and popular News, took the public into its confidence at the beginning of the new year, explaining that it was necessary to hoist subscription prices in that a constantly growing circulation is not profitable when every new subscriber means more loss. White paper is more valuable than ever and its price will continue to soar if Europe is to be ravaged for another two years. Solicitors continue to importune advertisers, but, alas! the credit of some advertisers is exhaustible. Young Mr. Pickering, who is inheriting the Bulletin, now attaches his signature to the sworn statements of a constantly bounding circulation, and, naturally, it is disconcerting to realize that as the lists of readers are fattened so are the revenues thinned unless advertisers can be induced to pay higher rates.

* * *

Archbishop Riordan's death removes a powerful figure from the life of this community. For more than a score of years he exercised a greater personal influence than any other individual. Under his direction the Catholic Church, politically and economically, grew to be a factor of incalculable force. It is generally believed here that Archbishop Hanna will be appointed his successor, although, as churchmen in Los Angeles will recall, Rome does not always coincide with the expressed wish of a diocese or the vote of its representatives. On the translation of the late Archbishop Montgomery to San Francisco, Los Angeles determinedly petitioned Rome for the elevation of Vicar-General Hartnett. His Holiness and the Council, however, honored Southern California by the election of Bishop Conaty who found a rare field for the constructive genius which has distinguished his episcopacy. Not a few of the latter's ardent admirers here believe that your popular dignitary will succeed to the highest honor of the Church on the Pacific Coast.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, January 5, 1915.

LITERARY HORRORS OF WAR

NOW is the time for all writing folk to go into the silence for an hour or so with Lowell's "Fable for Critics." Generally speaking, the man of letters has no business with events of the day, that is, if we are to regard literature as an art, and therefore, created for more than momentary expression of a passing condition. The man who has devoted his life to giving the world great literature, to creating for himself a reputation for what is fine in conception and exquisite in craftsmanship, is perpetrating nothing less than a fraud upon his public, which will react surely and demoralizingly upon himself, when he flings wide his study doors and windows to the shouts of the crowds in the street, the bawling of headlines by the newsboys, the crash of brass bands and the strident shouts of the spellbinder. It is true that these things represent life, and still truer that the business of the man of letters is to link life and art in one perfect unity of thought and expression, in interpretation of his time; but who can interpret the meaning of the din until it has passed away, and in the silence which follows, the mind calm and composed in the knowledge of what destiny was doing with those turbulent hours is capable of assimilating and transmitting, not for today but for all time, the meaning of life.

When Dr. Henry Van Dyke, now minister to the Netherlands, was in Southern California two winters ago, an influential newspaper sent to him with a request to write a series of criticisms, essays, or impressions—whatever he chose—on the performances by the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, then playing an engagement here. Dr. Van Dyke, in his quiet, sincere way, said, in effect: "Please do not regard me as thinking myself above newspaper contribution, but what success and reputation I have achieved has been through concentrating myself upon the work of a man of letters. I know nothing of music, critically, and my readers are aware that I have no pretensions to knowledge of that art. It would be unfair to the artists for me to write impressions that could not be more than those of a casual listener. But the important thing, to me, is that my bread and butter, which depends upon this reputation I have made, would be endangered, if the word were to go about that Van Dyke is making capital out of his standing, and writing about a lot of things of which he knows nothing." Of course, the editor of the newspaper could not understand why Dr. Van Dyke deliberately rejected such a fine opportunity for "free advertising."

J. M. Barrie was knighted in the estimation of the entire English speaking world, before His Majesty saw fit to dub him Sir James. There are few men upon whom the reading and play-going public looks with such affection. His "Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy," "Peter Pan," "Admiral Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows"—the list of plays and books is almost endless, and each has a charm as distinctive as each individual moment of a sunset in the mountains, for each is a reflection of the light of life shining upon a mind of perfect clearness and radiance. Nor was his genius in the interpretation of life confined to any one manifestation. His perfect understanding of the mind of the child in "The Little White Bird" is no more and no less wonderful than his appreciation of the motives of men and women as individuals in "What Every Woman Knows," or of the problems of democracy in "The Admirable Crichton." P. P. Howe has said that Barrie was the first man to bring the literary sense successfully to the theater, but it was not his literary sense that captured his public; had that been possible Oscar Wilde would be our greatest dramatist. But combined with his mastery of expression, there was an insight into the meaning of life, from its earliest to its latest years, that opened all gates to him, and made him beloved of men, women and little children.

This week there has issued from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, a slim volume—only twenty pages of print—with his magic name on the cover. The title is "Der Tag; or The Tragic Man." It is in the form of a dramatic fantasy, an interview between the Kaiser and his chancellor, and between the Kaiser and the Spirit of Culture, just previous to the declaration of war. Now, this is dangerous ground, especially for a man of letters who has recently been knighted. Not only is the event too recent, and the sympathies of the author too closely bound up with its immediate consequences, but his ears are echoing with the din of the bands and the crowds and his eyes bewildered with a maze of headlines. The question is not whether or not he can reach right conclusions in such an atmosphere, but whether he can so emancipate himself from the

movement all about him as to create, out of the situation, something worthy of his genius. For we demand of such men as Barrie that they shall create. We have the right to insist that they shall not engage in journalistic propaganda or pamphleteering, and it is precisely that disappointing thing which Sir James M. Barrie has done. We expect it of the materialist Haeckel, of the politician Kipling, of the gatling Shaw, but not of the man of Kensington Gardens. From one of these, perhaps, one might accept "Der Tag" as a rather interesting bit of transcription of newspaper paragraphs. For it is little more than that. It pictures the Kaiser as reluctant to sign the paper which will precipitate the conflict, but urged on by his minister. The situation so well known is traversed again. What will France, Russia, England, Belgium do? England will sit tight and guard her money-bags. Good; then France and Russia will be easy prey, and with them conquered, "all roads lead to London." The Kaiser is stimulated with a comparison to Napoleon, and the mirage of world-peace brought about by his absolute dictatorship is held before him, "God in the heavens, I upon the earth" the Kaiser is made to say, and then, the perceptions of the reader slapped in the face with these words in italics: "And there are still the Zeppelins!" The italics are the last straw.

Comes to the Kaiser the Spirit of Culture. If there is to be war she will be driven from Germany naked. The dream proceeds, war is declared, the Spirit of Culture reappears with a wound in her breast to bid the Kaiser farewell, and she leaves in his hand a pistol, the stage direction being, "It is all she can do for her old friend." This is all bald and obvious, saying nothing that has not been said and denied hundreds of times by penny-a-liners all over the world. Again I must insist that it is not a question of the truth or untruth of the transcription, the justice or injustice of the argument. The point is that it is mere argument, and that a creative genius who has stood above most of his contemporaries, has begun shouting from the tail of a cart. It is not even satire, for Barrie also can be a satirist—a gentle one it is true, but a satirist, nevertheless. Yet it is always with men and women, social inconsistencies, that his satire has dealt, and not with a single incident or a specific person. We do not expect that Barrie shall love the Kaiser, that he shall regard the German cause as righteous, or that he shall be able to look upon the situation with that sense of humor without which the razor of satire is exchanged for the bludgeon of the daily press. But we have the right to expect that he shall avoid such subjects as he cannot approach with a creative mind.

This is one of the horrors of war, to such as stand outside the circle of the conflict, that writers whom we have cherished as knights sans peur et sans reproche should thus descend from their high plane of achievement to mingle their cultured voices in the shrieks and shouts of their compatriots. They can add nothing perceptible to the volume of sound, and they so strain their voices that, when "the tumult and the shouting dies" they will be able to speak only in hoarse and raucous tones. Yet it is human for them to do so, and, possibly, Mr. Barrie wrote "Der Tag" with all the eagerness and delight in the work that he did his inimitable "Half Hours." So it is not in the spirit of accusation that this criticism is voiced. Like all of us, Barrie is only "free under necessity." He could no more keep from writing "Der Tag" than he could from spreading the gospel of fairies, so he must not blame us if we cannot help deploring the deed any more than we can help believing in the faith of children who "have tree-tops in their eyes."

R. B.

Ten dollars a day is fairly good pay. But when one stops to think of what an election official is expected to do it is not excessive. Like a judge on the bench, he is called upon to decide on both law and fact. Unlike a judge, he cannot take the case to his chambers to study, but has to give his decision "right off the bat," like a baseball umpire. He has to be diplomatic, not only with the cranky voters (and there are lots of them), but with his co-officials. And along toward the end of twenty-four hours of steady work, nerves are prone to be irritable. Expert clerical ability is only one of the numerous qualifications required of him. Considering the method of selection, the wonder is not that mistakes are made, but that results are so good as they are. A civil service examination of the right sort might help, but one covering only clerical ability would be worse than useless. Figured on the basis of an eight-hour day, with double pay for overtime, ten dollars for twenty-four hours, is two dollars a day less than the pay of a common laborer.

By the Way



Homer Earle's Refined Quatrain

At the December meeting of the Sunsetters, Homer Earle, P. P. P. L.—past and perennial poet laureate—perpetrated a quatrain that I think deserves to be passed along. Here is the chef d'oeuvre:

Tommy to the movies went
To educate his mind;
He saw a lady kill a gent
And came away refined.

Midwick's Poet Laureate

While on the subject of refined verse I must not overlook Avery McCarthy's (P. L. M. C.)—poet laureate of the Midwick Club—New Year's eve contribution to the holiday festivities. It is a good bye (Tipperary form) to 1914 and a welcome to 1915. A stanza of the former reads:

It's a short time to 1915
It's not far to go
It's a short time to 1915
To a great big year I know
Good Bye Nineteen fourteen
Farewell this year
It's a short way to Good Times,
And my heart's right there.

This was sung with a vim at 11:58 p. m. of December 31. At 12:01 the improvised choristers with the printed words in their hands were chanting:

It's a long way back to Hard Times
Good Times are here I know
Good Bye Nineteen fourteen
Farewell Old Year
Good Bye dear old Nineteen fourteen
Nineteen fifteen is here!

Daughter of an Earl

My compliments to Earl Cowan who is receiving congratulations on the nine and a quarter pound girl which was Mrs. Cowan's New Year's present to her delighted husband. I suppose there is no better expert on coffees and teas in the city, but with babies Earl has not had any previous experience and yet he is now heard telling, with the assurance of a grandfather, that the little Cowantess—I believe the daughter of an Earl may be so designated—is of the highest grade in that line of goods. I am willing to believe him. I have noticed of late that his game of billiards at the club with Ed Lyman has been a trifle unsteady. I now predict that he will return to his old form and set his long-time antagonist a smart pace to the finish.

Wilbur Hall to the Fore

Perhaps, it was just a happen-so, but my young friend, Wilbur Hall, who was one of the old Daily News staff, is represented this month in two monthly magazines—Munsey's and Popular—and two high-class weeklies—Collier's and The Bellman. Wilbur has deserted the daily newspaper grind to devote himself to fiction writing, and that he has had a series of stories accepted by Collier's, with the first published, and is able to find admission to the rather exclusive pages of The Bellman argues strongly in his favor. I am rejoiced to find one of my boys whom I broke in, so to say, to the profession of writing, is winning such recognition.

Here is a Test of Sincerity

Various persons have written to The Graphic endorsing the somewhat satirical article, "Why All This Fuss About the Drama?" which appeared last week. Others have filed demurrers. A few days ago a certain gentleman of culture, and naturally expected to be interested in anything which would tend toward the betterment of artistic conditions, was informed that Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, this week, the Civic Repertory Company would produce as a part of their program a one-act poetical drama by Ernest Dowson, "The Pierrot of the Minute," in which this gentleman was interested. He broke into a perfect fury of protest. "The idea of such a gem being handled by rank amateurs

and ruined!" he exclaimed. He did not know, nor at that time did his informant, whether the little piece was to be played by Sarah Bernhardt and Otis Skinner, or by John Smith and Mary Jones. He had not happened to know of the Civic Repertory Company so he jumped to the conclusion that it must be composed of "rank amateurs." Yet its director, Miss Willamene Wilkes, has studied real, esthetic drama, as well as the so-called "practical" stage, everywhere that trains and steamboats go on this footstool. She has had the courage to try to do something that is not being done by anyone else, and has enlisted the assistance, not of "rank amateurs," but many really clever actors of considerable experience, aided by others who have been under her training for years. Is it any wonder that the author of last week's satire remarked that there is here a Cult that desires to be nothing but what it is? For the benefit of those who do not know what this company is doing, the following is the program for Friday evening, January 8, on the Gamut Club stage: J. M. Barrie's "Rosalind;" Dunsany's "The Lost Silk Hat;" Middleton's "Madonna;" Dowson's "The Pierrot of the Minute." For Saturday evening the repertory will be: Young's "Addio;" "Pierrot of the Minute;" "Madonna;" "Rosalind;" "Nothing Like Leather." Merely to attempt the presentation of such an array of beautiful things is to be entitled to support at the 10, 20, 30 schedule.

Real "Letters of an Employer"

Such publications as the Saturday Evening Post, prepared for consumption by callow youth and unenlightened moyenage, frequently print series of articles and letters of advice from elderly persons, millionaires, employers and what not, as to how the young idea should comport itself in order to reach the dizzy heights occupied by the anonymous authors, who, one is obliged to suspect, usually are nimble-minded newspaper men with a talent for turning a phrase. Current Opinion for January draws attention to a bit of real literature of this nature. It is a collection of letters written by F. B. Silverwood to the clerks of his various stores, in which he outlines his ideas and ideals of business. These were not written for publication, but because Mr. Silverwood was in the business of selling certain things, and knew that he could sell more the better his clerks understood his philosophy of the business. And as a consequence they contain infinitely more common sense than all the volumes of "Letters of Selfmade Undertakers to Their Second Cousins."

Puncturing the Pettifogging Method

It is not often that I have found myself called upon to admire Judge Lewis Works' capacity, and it is, therefore, with the more joy, that I note the manner in which he put a stop to the curious manner in which Attorney W. B. Mathews was trying to evade the issue in the trial of the purity of the Owens River water. Mathews was questioning Henry A. Hart as to his motives in bringing the suit to test the water, as to who was paying the expenses, and as to everything else in the world than the point at issue, namely, whether or not Owens River water is fit for human use. "Judge Works," says the report, "replied that he couldn't see what difference it made as the condition of the water and not who disputed its purity was the point in question." Quite so.

G. Ray Horton's Interesting Life

In the passing of G. Ray Horton, Los Angeles loses one of the most promising of its younger attorneys. Ray was just a common reporter a few years ago—common, merely in the sense of recognition, but uncommon in his ambition to emancipate himself and give the talents he knew he possessed, a wider scope. So, like many other newspaper men, the law attracted him, and whenever off duty he pegged away at his reading for the bar. In due course he passed his examinations, and later served in the district attorneys' offices, county and federal. Then he embarked in private practice, and was making a name for himself with his ability when he died, from what had not been considered a serious illness. I am told that, in addition to his acumen as a lawyer, Ray had a keen instinct for real estate values, and had acquired no insignificant sum of money in investments, working up from extremely modest beginnings.

Honors for Coast Entrant

Friends of Early H. Haydock, who clubbed together to send him east to the big Prohibition contest at Topeka, have reason to be jubilant. He has come off victorious in this national affair, and brings home laurels to the University of

Southern California, where he has been a student for the last four years. The event is the result of two years of elimination, in which 240 colleges and universities of the country have taken part. Finally, the number of contestants was narrowed down to seven, representing different districts of the continent, north, south, east and west. The Pacific coast has won. Mr. Haydock's oration bore the title, "The National Parasite," and was, I am told, a direct and business-like composition, with few rhetorical flowers. The oratorical championship was the first event in the four-day convention of the I. P. A., attended by a thousand delegates. Among the speakers on the program were William Jennings, Lieutenant Hobson and Bishop William O. Shepard. Mr. Haydock stood for assemblyman in the eighteenth district of the city at last election, in the Prohibition interest, but was unsuccessful.

Richard Bennett in "Maternity"

I am reminded by the presence of "Damaged Goods" at the Mason that Richard Bennett this week launched in New York the second of his Brieux drama ventures, "Maternity," his production succeeding the Princess Players, who have met with failure this year. Gertrude Workman, I learn, is in the cast. Speaking of theatrical failures, that of Harrison Grey Fiske, while deplored by all who appreciated his ideals, was not unexpected. The contributing causes were three unsuccessful ventures in succession, this year's "Kismet" production, Mrs. Fiske in "Lady Betty Martingale" and Lydia Lopkova, the dancer, whom Mr. Fiske tried to introduce as an actress, with deplorable results. It is rather ironic that this manager, who battled the syndicate to a standstill in its days of power, should be forced to the wall after peace has been declared these many years. Mrs. Fiske, by the way, has been very ill, but is now recovered, which is good news to her many friends here.

Two Ways of "Lifting" Cartoons

One of the cardinal principles of the code of honor of newspapers and magazines is that when matter is republished that was obviously original with the source from which it is taken, that periodical shall be given the credit. Frequently, this rule is ignored. In the magazine section of the Times last Sunday there was printed a reproduction of a cartoon showing several sad Sioux Indians coming out of a moving picture show where European battle scenes were being shown, remarking, "Huh! Make Injun heap sick!" Apparently, the idea of the cartoon was appreciated also in the office of the Tribune for it reappeared there Monday morning. The only difference was that Brother Otis gave the Minneapolis Journal credit for the cartoon, and Brother Earl omitted any such formality.

Alfred Henry Lewis Dead

It is rather difficult to locate and to remember anything except war news in the daily papers these days. There may have been an item published here telling of the death of Alfred Henry Lewis in New York two days before Christmas, but if so I cannot recall seeing it, or hearing it mentioned. His mother, Mrs. Harriet Tracy Lewis, lives here, and also his sister, Mrs. F. W. Bartlett. Mr. Lewis' work was unique in range, going from the plainsmen tales to research into the inner lives of the fathers of the commonwealth, and including political conditions of the day. His political novels, "The Boss" and "The President," rank as real American literature, truthfully picturing phases of life which are usually distorted and misrepresented in fiction. In this field Sam Blythe is his only peer.

Waiting for Debussy and Strauss

"In an article in The Graphic last week," writes a correspondent, "there was reference to the remarkable Booster Club Prize Poem. What has become of the contest for the \$1000 (or was it \$700,000—one dollar each) prize for the best musical setting? Has the war prevented Debussy and Strauss from sending over their music?" I am sorry I cannot answer. The telephone has been taken out of the Booster Club headquarters and even the Examiner information bureau did not know it. It is a sad state of affairs, and a bad lookout for Los Angeles if the Boosters have had their day and ceased to be, leaving nothing to mark the spot excepting a certain wonderful prize poem, a copy of which I include among my most cherished possessions.

As to That French Soil

A. Sbarboro, one of the leading viticulture men of California, has just handed a retort courteous to Le Petit Journal, of Paris. That paper had worked itself up into quite a Gallic

frenzy over the fact that M. Jadeau, one of the most noted of French champagne manufacturers had been induced to come to California to develop the sparkling wine business, and remarked that while California may have the same sun and climate as France, and have bought one of her best wine experts, it could not reproduce the French soil from which the exquisite juices are derived. Mr. Sbarbaro replies by drawing attention to the fact that, after California had for years imported tons of French prunes, the growers here imported a few of the trees as an experiment, and from the French stock raises fruit so much superior to that grown in France that this state now exports prunes to the home of their ancestors. "As the tables have been turned on you in prunes," Mr. Sbarbaro concludes, "the time may come when California may also be enabled to send you some of its own delicious wines and champagne."

Business Rules Do Not Apply

Conducting theatrical affairs is not a business—it is an emotion. This near-epigram is suggested by a note I have just received from the New York purveyor of theatrical information, Dixie Hines. This has been a disastrous season in Gotham, and yet Mr. Hines says: "As if we did not have enough playhouses in the city, we shall introduce the coming week one which is to bear the unusual cognomen of The Bandbox. A list of enthusiastic and perhaps altruistic players are assembled for the purpose, and the initial performance will be 'Poor Little Thing,' by Jerome K. Jerome. There is a strong suggestion that the title of the play is to apply likewise to the theater and its occupants. But there are to be several other playhouses established here. The most interesting of all the announcements made concerns the Toy Theater, which is to have Peter Newton as its sponsor. This playhouse is to be of the 'intimate style,' and will devote much of its attention to supplying a much needed place of amusement for the little ones. The afternoons will be devoted to entertainments for children, given under Mr. Newton's direction, and the evenings will have a repertoire company in session."

Reflection Upon Browning Admirers

It is a grave reflection which Willis Jefferis of the Los Angeles Military Academy casts upon the intelligence of a certain group of Pasadena friends in the Sierra Educational News. Mr. Jefferis tells how he rebuked the intellectual snobbishness of these admirers of Robert Browning by offering a prize for the best gem from the poet, and then winning the prize with a poem of his own. Here are the verses which Mr. Jefferis pitted successfully against the finest of Browning's writings, selected by devotees of the great altruist:

DEUS IN OMNIBUS

I hear Thee in the rolling waves
And in the twittering swallow;
I see Thy smile across the sky
And in the flowery hollow.
I feel Thy breath upon the gale,
Thy voice is in the thunder,
Thy footstep is the earthquake's shock
That shakes the hills asunder.
Thine eyes shine through the twinkling stars
That gleam with rays eternal;
Thy song, the symphony of spheres
That ring with notes supernal.
Yet not for these I love Thee most
And call Thee friend and brother;
Thy heart beats in the human breast,
Thy love is in the mother.

I am tempted to remark with Captain Corcoran, "Though I'm very far from clever, I could talk like that forever," and I opine that it could not have been a representative gathering of Brownings which voted it the prize. There may have been something in the reading, for Mr. Jefferis admits that it was he who read the selections. How tender an author can be with his own offspring, and how ruthless with that of others. It is not difficult to picture, in this instance, the teacher, bent upon proving Browning worthless, using his roughest tones and ungraciously hardening the softest phrases, when reading from Browning, while, when he comes to his own stanzas, all the mellowness of his nature is expended upon a sympathetic interpretation. At least I do not believe that the fame of the author of "The Ring and the Book" will soon fade before that of the author of "Deus in Omnibus."

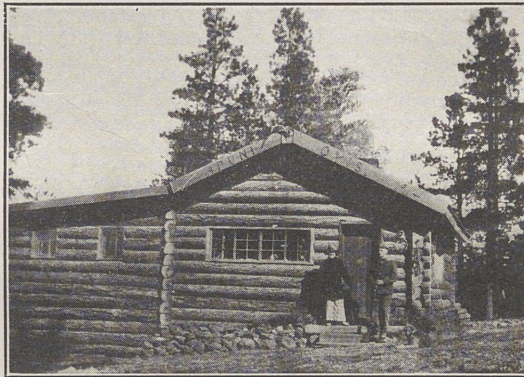
Herr Dernburg says, "Most of the big" (English) "bankers, from Rothschild down, are of German descent." Would it not be equally true to say, Most of the big bankers of the world are Hebrews whose ancestors, in the main, lived for a few generations in Germany?

Virile Verse by Local Poets

[This last summer those two devotees of outdoor life, J. W. Schultz, author of "My Life as an Indian," "On the Warpath" and many short stories treating of aboriginal life in the northwest, and Herbert H. Knibbs, author of "Overland Red," and other stirring western stories and poems, communed with nature in the Apache white forest, southeast of Holbrook, where Mr. and Mrs. Schultz have built a cabin, an exterior illustration of which is given herewith. A guest house two hundred feet away from "Apuni Oyis"—Butterfly Lodge—was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Knibbs for two months and in these primeval solitudes the four Los Angeles hunters wild turkeys, explored the forests and wrote. The accompanying poem was written by Herbert Knibbs just before the party broke camp to return to Los Angeles for the holidays.—Editor of The Graphic.]

Apuni Oyis

There's a lodge in Arizona where the rugged pines are marching
Straight and stalwart up the hillside where they gather on the crest;
All around their feet the grasses and the purple flowers are arching,
In the dim and golden glamour of the sunlight in the west.



In the lodge—Apuni Oyis—dwells the Chief who writes the stories
Of the Blackfeet—mighty hunters in the pleasant days of old;
Tales of love and war and friendship—tales of mysteries and glories,
When the prairies moon was silver and the sun was faery gold.

And the trails along the mountains, o'er the mesas and the rivers,
Lead to far and hidden canyons where the sleeping redmen lie,
Wrapped in silence as above them myriad aspen leaves a-quiver,
Whisper secrets to the west wind as the pack-train ambles by.

Where the swart Apache hunts and thinks of warriors now a-dreaming—
Where the mountain stream runs swiftly talking loudly to the day,
To the rock-rimmed pool and onward, where an unexpected gleaming
Marks the trout that leaps to vanish in a burst of silver spray.

Trails that climb the rocky fortress of the ridge and have their ending
In forlorn and ravaged temples of a people all unknown—
Trails we make—and did we know it, on and on forever blending
With the redman's, toward the sunset, are no clearer than his own.

O, the hills of Arizona in the pleasant autumn weather;
O, the lodge—Apuni Oyis—where is happiness and rest;
May the dreams we share come true and may we live them all together
We who love the ancient magic of the mountains of the west.

Master of the Sea

Wind reigns a master of the sea;
Whether in calm or storm,
Dashing or rolling peacefully,
Obeying waves take form.

At times with awful swoop and shriek
This master shows its power;
Then it may kiss the seaman's cheek,
Gently, within the hour.

—CHARLES H. MEIERS.

Cry of the Mothers

We boast of our civilization,
And glorious "humanity's cause;"
We hasten to make righteous protest
When others presume to pick flaws;
We speak of the wonderful progress
Of man down the centuries past,
And then like the crashing of thunder
War comes, and the world stands aghast.

Breaking in on our satisfied musings,
Like a bolt from serenity's sky,
Come the roar and the crash of the fighting,
Come the sob and the wail and the cry
Of the wounded piled high in the trenches,
In the light of the same pallid moon
That shines on our valleys so peaceful—
And from over the sea comes the croon

Of the mother—who sings to her first-born,
While the shells hiss and shriek in the air;
Her eyes see the face of her loved one
In the flash of the cannon, and there
Where broad fields were teeming with plenty
At the setting of yesterday's sun,
He lies!—Only one of the thousands,
A hero! His duty is done!

O God! hear their crying and moaning,
Those mothers and sisters and wives;
You kings, with your millions and plenty,
Can you pay with your gold for their lives?
Can you give back the son who marched forward
With a cheer and a huzza for you?
Can you comfort the mothers made childless?
Can you bring back the thousands you slew?

O silence your guns for a moment
And hark to their cry and their moan!
See the empty arms waiting and waiting!
Is it worth it, you king on your throne?
See their tears as they fall like a deluge,
Can they wash from the land in a trice
The stain of the blood of its flower?
Ah, God! is it all worth the price?

—RALPH COOLE

Words

Great words are on men's lips today,
Symbols of greater things than they.
Honor and Valor; Life and Death!
Of these we speak with bated breath;
For when a word becomes a deed
The dullest understand and heed.

Honor! It comes from depths profound
Within the soul, which none can sound.
Valor! When history harshly flings
That coin down, how true it rings.
Life! Is the utmost one can give;
Death! Is to die that these may live.

—GERTRUDE DARLOW.

The Hand of God

One night I dreamed I left the earth,
To be a star.
In ecstasy I had new birth,
And traveled far.

I chased a comet's rose-red gleam
Across the sky;
The four winds, in the moon's wan beam,
Rushed madly by.

I saw beneath me worlds unborn,
In mystery deep.
And suns that died creation's morn,
Alone, asleep.

Around sun, moon and farthest star,
I saw a Hand,
In whose great hollow all things are,
At His command.

—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON.

Cheaters

It would require the services of an expert shorthand reporter to take down Florence Moore's scintillations at the Orpheum this week where she and William J. Montgomery are the headliners. Florence is that rarity among women, a genuine comedian, and her "patter" runs on oiled hinges. There is a laugh every second, almost, and even Montgomery has to be on the qui vive to catch the drift of his partner's jocosities. It is all "off the bat" so to say, but, of course, is real-

prove it; however, she is good fun and the audience she faces can stand a lot of her merry nonsense. George Barry and Maude Wolford rank next in importance as entertainers. Barry has a light, but sweet baritone and Miss Wolford's contralto blends harmoniously with it. They sing in perfect unison catchy airs, interspersing with the usual vaudevillian chatter. A parody on "Tipperary" is capitally rendered and a melange of "old-time" jokes in song makes a hit. Johnny



Sincerely,
Mary Pickford.

MARY PICKFORD, TO BE QUEEN OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS' BALL

ly carefully programmed. What she talks about is immaterial; it is the delivery of her catapultic avalanche of words that counts. Montgomery occasionally gets in under her guard, but not often. He has a chance at the piano, where he proves his versatility, but even at that stunt Florence intervenes. Montgomery suggests Francis Wilson twenty years ago and his voice heightens the illusion. He is, doubtless, a genius, but his side part-

Johnston and his rah-rah boys are entertaining when they are singing in chorus; rather boring when they are not. The campus policeman of Tom Callahan is well-done, but when did Yale introduce the co-educational stunt, as the presence of sundry girls on the campus indicates? It is a thin production to keep nine persons busy. Minnie Allen is billed as a "little volcano" of mirth. Her eruptions are not of a fiery nature, but her quick

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Sigmund Beel, Soloist

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Saturday Evening, January 16, at 8:30 o'clock

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Matinees Wednesday
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Richard Bennett's Co-Workers in

"Damaged Goods"

Women's Matinee Wednesday

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Regular Burbank Prices: Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c; Mats. 25c and 50c.

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Robert Everett's MONKEY CIRCUS; IMHOFF, CONN & CO-REENE, "Surgeon Louder, U. S. A.; ALFRED BERGEN, Eminent Barytone; SPINETTE QUINTETTE, Black & White Novelty; SASCHA PIATOV, with Mignon McGibeny, dancers; PIERRE PELLETIER & CO., "The 10:40 West;" MINNIE ALLEN, Volcano of Mirth; Orchestra Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe Twice-a-Week News Views.

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Complete Change of Program Weekly
Matinee Daily 2:30
Nights 7:10 and 9:00-10c, 20c, 30c

PROGRAM
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MONDAY
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Laurie Ordway
Lottie Mayer & Diving Girls

8 BIG
NEW
ACTS
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L. E. BEHYMER, Manager

"I HEAR YOU CALLING ME"

Jan. 12 JOHN McCORMACK Jan. 14

Prices—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50

COMING—EFREM ZIMBALIST, VIOLINIST, FEB. 4.

with a "zip" and her lively gyrations are amusing. Princess Radjah does a "wiggly" dance that is reminiscent of the Midway of World's Fair days at Chicago, but the young woman handles herself well and gives the feminine part of her audience cold shivers when she uses a young boa constrictor as a fur collar, later burying its hood in her bosom in her Cleopatra finish. Genevieve Warner is a beautiful picture at the harp and her playing is as satisfying as her personableness. Camtell and Harris are exceedingly graceful in their dancing, but a little, a very little of their conversation suffices. Asahi and his quartette of clever Japanese continue to mystify and win plaudits for clean gymnastics. The Pathe pictures are from far afield and the symphony orchestra adds contentment to a higher than average bill.

Kolb & Dill in Lively Show

Whatever "Playing the Ponies" may lack in novelty is more than counterbalanced in the estimation of the devotees of musical comedy by the vim with which it is presented at the Morosco Theater this week by Kolb, Dill and the Frank Stammers ensemble. In a general way this is the same piece in which these two constant favorites appeared here many years ago. Unless we are at fault in memory, one of the principal differences is that Mr. Kolb does not now kick Mr. Dill in the rubber stomach, and send him bouncing about the stage, and Mr. Dill has reached the heights of independence which permit him to hit Mr. Kolb over the head with a stuffed club when Kolb does so to him. Instead of Tom Persse there is Perce Bronson, and so on. The main thing about it is that as the plot has to do with racing, it goes at racing speed, except for an uncomfortable moment when Mr. Bronson is called upon to do a bit of emotional acting, but he recovers quickly. As it should be with musical comedy, the first part is the best, despite the fact that the scenic setting of the "Zone" at the San Francisco fair grounds adds to the second part a certain topical and timely interest. But it is the beginning, with its recollections of those sinful days when we—excuse us, they—used to bet on horse races in California, that appeals to the "sportorial" proclivities of the crowd. Nana Bryant is svelt and charming as usual. Bob Vernon, a newcomer, is one of those pink and white jockeys one sees only on the stage, and Jean Hague his vis-a-vis. The chorus, especially in the dashing finale of the first act, is all that Mr. Stammers could ask, or at least reasonably expect.

Do You Like "Mutt & Jeff"?

If you read the Examiner and turn first thing every morning to the sporting page to see what latest antics Mutt and Jeff are engaged in, you will like the show at the Majestic Theater this week.

Ruth St. Denis at Majestic

Ruth St. Denis will be at the Majestic next week with her Oriental dance spectacles. Her Indian numbers include "The Spirit of Incense," "The Cobra," "The Peacock," "The Nautch Girl," "Radha," and two Japanese dances, "The Flower Arrangement" and "The Queen of the Yoshawari," also an Arabic suite to which she has added a number of character and modern dances of her own creation. These include the "St Denis Mazurka," "The Scherze Waltz" and "Danse Impromptu." After two years in the leading New York theaters and appearances for societies and clubs of the eastern cities, Miss St. Denis is now making a tour of the Pacific coast, appearing in the principal cities, with special engagements at both expositions, after which she will visit Honolulu and

then return to the east. She was to have played the entire season in Europe, opening the New Municipal Theater at Cologne, Germany, with Berlin, Paris and London engagements to follow, but owing to the war was compelled to cancel that tour. She has brought to the coast her entire company and complete production.

"Damaged Goods" at the Mason

While "Damaged Goods," which comes to the Mason Opera House next week with Richard Bennett's co-workers and the original production, has been scathingly denounced in a small minority of the cities it has visited, generally conspicuous among the auditors have been seen people prominent in church circles, physicians and other professional men and women. The Brieux drama has a mission to perform. In its case the purpose is to teach a lesson against the horrors of social evils. That the play does this swiftly, powerfully and effectively has been unanimously conceded by all who have ever witnessed it. Particularly, is the sermon preached by the Bennett Players of interest and value to any couple contemplating a voyage on the sea of matrimony. The story tells of a prospective bridegroom being urged by his physician to put off his marriage on account of being unfit physically for the matrimonial state. This advice he ignores and the attendant sequel is a development of the dreaded disease in those about him. Louis Bennison, a native Californian and an actor of recognized ability, is playing the role of the doctor, a part that he acted all last season with Mr. Bennett. The supporting company is made up of picked players whose work in other productions has long since put them in the class of stage celebrities. The Wednesday matinee is for women exclusively.

Orpheum Keeps Stars

Wm. J. Montgomery and Florence Moore are to remain at the Orpheum one more week with their finished frivolity, and head the bill opening Monday afternoon. With them, the Orpheum will offer almost a complete new bill, headed by Robert Everett's big monkey circus. No director with whip in hand is seen, the little fellows work freely and voluntarily, with plenty of monkey business to amuse. Another laughing act is presented by Rogers, Imhoff and Co-reene—humans, this time—in "Sgt. Louder, U. S. A.," a sequel to their former act. In it, Roger Imhoff as Private Casey is the main factor of amusement. Alfred Bergen will be heard in a song recital of fifteen minutes. The Spinette quintette, boys and girls, will do unusual dancing, much of it upside down. Sascha Piatov, remembered for his recent stay at the Orpheum, will be back for a week with a new assistant, Mignon McGibeny, and with a complete routine of new dances. A sketch will be presented by Pierre Pelletier & Co., entitled "The 10:40 West." Minnie Allen, the little volcano of mirth, will be the holdover. The Orpheum Road Show, headed by Alice Lloyd, is due before the end of this month.

New Faces at the Burbank

At the Burbank theater for the week beginning Sunday afternoon, "Help Wanted," Jack Lait's successful play, will be given. Lois Meredith, who has been making a big hit in the east with her impersonation of the role of the stenographer, Gertrude Meyer, will make her first appearance with the Burbank company, and Lillian Elliott will return to play her original role of Mrs. Meyer which she created in the first production. This piece has had a prosperous season in the principal cities of the east, and while it is no stranger to Los Angeles, having been given

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ANOTHER BIG LOUBLE BILL

"The Exploits of Elaine"

"The Twilight Sleep"

"The Restaurant of Satisfaction"
THINK WHAT THAT MEANS

CAFE
BRISTOL of
Court

its premiere at the Morosco, it will be welcomed owing to the presence of Miss Meredith. The full strength of the regular Burbank company will be required to complete the cast.

Bernstein Drama in Film

William Farnum, late star in the photoplay production of "The Spoilers," appears at Miller's next week in Henry Bernstein's remarkable drama "Samson," a story of frenzied finance. The man is a dock laborer and becomes a man of great wealth. In order to enter society he arranges to marry the daughter of an impoverished nobleman. His wife has an affair with another man and Samson finds it out. He swears revenge and finds that the only means of getting even is to ruin the other man financially, but in so doing he is forced to ruin himself, too. Then his wife realizes the sacrifice he has made and they are reconciled. The added attraction is the second epi-

sode of the sensational film production, "The Exploits of Elaine," titled "The Twilight Sleep," in Arnold Daly and Pearl White scored such an overwhelming triumph.

John McCormack at Trinity

Genuine tenors of the first rarity difficult to find, and appreciating rarity, Manager Behymer is pleased to announce two more recitals by always popular John McCormack next Tuesday and Thursday evening, Jan. 12 and 14. Next Tuesday's concert is one which will induce, in addition to a Puccini "I heme" number, selections by Schubert, Weingartner, "In light" by Elgar, "A Lament" by ridge-Taylor, several ancient songs, and one by Edwin Schu the capable accompanist who much to the McCormack song programs. Donald MacBeath added to his violinistic accom-

ments, is more composed and is quite effective in his work. The postponed McCormack concert of last Tuesday evening will be given Thursday evening January 14, and those holding for the deferred concert will use same tickets at this time. There beautiful Mozartian aria, from "Don Giovanni," Irish songs, both ancient and modern, selections from Scott, Coleridge-Taylor, Sinding, Maninoff, and other later day composers. These are the only McCormack concerts in Los Angeles this season.

Two Big Pantages Features

Alex Pantages has decreed that the of precedence in the coming show at his theater here shall be as follows: feature act, Lottie and her Diving Maids; special attraction, Laurie Ordway. convenient method of settling a question by distributing the from headquarters is well by the house manager in cases as this with two acts of such popularity as the Diving Venus and the Picadilly picotee. Miss May-

play Caesar Franck's Symphony in D minor and three numbers from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

To Welcome "Our Mary"

Mary Pickford will be welcomed to California after an extended absence in the east by a mammoth demonstration on the part of the local "screen fans" given under the auspices of the Southern California Motion Picture Exhibitors' Association. The affair will take place at the second annual ball of the exhibitors at Shrine Auditorium next Saturday night, January 16, at which Miss Pickford will be the guest of honor. The line of the grand march will go past a throne which is to be erected for little Mary, and homage will be paid her as the line passes by. Carlyle Blackwell and Dorothy Gish are to lead the grand march. Both are stars well up in the heavens of the movie world. Blackwell is starring in his own company, while Dorothy Gish is one of the prime favorites working under the direction of the famous D. W. Griffith. Tickets are on sale at the various motion picture theatres, and from the



SIGMUND BEEL, SOLOIST OF COMING SYMPHONY CONCERTS

er is this time giving her act a classic touch by re-christening her bevy of aquatic beauties "The Nereids," a term that conveys the idea of the perfections as no other could. Laurie Ordway brings new songs and comedy, with several of the good old character studies that made her popular. Her latest is a portrayal of a deserted bride—but not waiting at the church. This song story of a Whitechapel romance nipped in the bud was written by Miss Ordway when she was last in Los Angeles. The remainder of the new show is regular vaudeville. It includes De-Young, the college boy juggler, Violet Nietz in "A Strenuous Daisy," and Sam Davis, the human corkscrew.

Beel Symphony Soloist

Sigmund Beel, concert master of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, will be the soloist at the next pair of concerts next Friday afternoon at 8 o'clock at Trinity Auditorium. Beel has selected the Beethoven concerto for this occasion. An attentive reading of this great work may be expected for he studied the concerto with Joachim as well as playing it under his baton and also Sir August Manns in the Crystal Palace, London. The orchestra will

advance sale, Miss Pickford will be welcomed home by several thousand admirers.

What Griffith Really Thinks

Several weeks ago The Graphic took exception to a remark made by D. W. Griffith, the moving picture director, that "the stage is dead," and since then it has been apparent in several ways that Mr. Griffith's stenographer rather over-emphasized his remarks. In the volume just published by Robert Grau, "The Theater of Science," in which he deals with moving pictures exclusively, the book being dedicated, incidentally, to Mr. Griffith, there is quoted the following letter, in which Griffith's real views as to the relative place of screen and open stage are stated clearly:

"You ask me, 'Do you think the stage and its craft are the best means of productivity for the camera man?' No, I do not. The stage is a development of centuries, based on certain fixed conditions and within prescribed limits. It is needless to point out what these are. The motion picture, although a growth of only a few years, is boundless in its scope, and endless in its possibilities. The whole world is its stage, and time without end its limitations. In the use of speech alone is it at a disadvantage, but the other advantages

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of the motion picture over the stage are so numerous and powerful that we can well afford to grant the stage this one point of superiority. The conditions of the two arts being so different, it follows that the requirements are equally dissimilar. Stage craft and stage people are out of place in the intense realism of motion-picture expression, but it may be well that a little motion-picture realism would be of immense advantage to the stage. To your second question, 'After the plays of other days are exhausted, who will supply the needs of thirty thousand theaters?' I would refer you to the opinion expressed in the foregoing paragraph. The plays of other days are not essential to the motion picture, and I am not sure that they are not proving a positive harm. If motion-

picture producers had no access to stage plays, they would be obliged to depend upon their own authors for their material, and, since the picture dramas that would thus result would be composed entirely for picture production, they could not fail much more nearly to reach a perfection of art than could ever be hoped for while writers and directors are trying in vain to twist stage dramas into condition for picture use. When the plays of other days, and of these days are exhausted, as they will be, motion pictures will come into their own. They are valued now only for advertising purposes, and, when a stage play is reproduced in pictures with any success, it is inevitably found that often the plot and always the manner of treatment have been entirely departed from."

Social & Personal

I NTERESTING news to a large circle of friends is the formal announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Vollmer of 762 Garland street, of the betrothal of their youngest daughter, Miss Pauline Vollmer, to Dr. E. P. Wood. Both are socially prominent. The young bride-elect who made her debut a few seasons ago at a brilliant affair, is unusually talented. Following her school studies she enjoyed a season of travel abroad, and since her return has taken active interest in the social life of the city. She is the sister of Mrs. William W. Mines, who is one of the most popular of the young society matrons of Los Angeles. Dr. Wood, who lives at the California Club, is also a member of several other social organizations of the city. No date has been set for the wedding as yet, but the event will probably be one of the brilliant social affairs of the near future.

One of the most attractive of recent society events was the luncheon given by Mrs. C. H. Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street. The affair was planned in compliment to Mrs. Churchill's daughter, Mrs. David H. McCartney, who with her two little daughters, Barbara and Kathleen, has been up from La Jolla to pass the holiday season with her relatives and friends here. The appointments were artistically suggestive of the Christmas season, poinsettias and crimson carnations being arranged about the rooms and on the table. Red-shaded candelabra cast a pretty glow upon the scene. Places were arranged for Mrs. David H. McCartney, Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, another daughter of the hostess; Miss Dorothy Davis of Baltimore, who with her parents is passing the winter in Los Angeles; Mrs. Edward Bosbyshell, Mrs. McReynolds, Mrs. Richard J. Scheppe, Miss Flossie Rowan, Mrs. W. G. Flowerree, Miss Whittemore, Mrs. William Copp, Mrs. James R. Page, Mrs. James Everding, Miss Mary Barnard, Miss Lily Olshausen and Mrs. Churchill. During the serving of the luncheon, Mr. Owen Porter Churchill, and his friend, Mr. Williams rendered a delightful program of music. Thursday of this week, Mrs. McCartney and her children returned to La Jolla. Mr. Owen Churchill leaves today for Stanford University to resume his studies.

Simple in its appointments, and with only about fifty friends present as witnesses, the marriage of Miss Elizabeth V. Munsell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. O. Munsell of South Pasadena, to Mr. LeRoy Linnard, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Linnard, took place Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at St. James Episcopal church in South Pasadena, Rev. R. A. Wootton, the rector officiating. The young bride is one of the most popular members of the younger set in Pasadena, while Mr. Linnard also is prominent socially in the Crown City, where his father is well known as manager of the Hotel Maryland. Following the wedding service a supper was served for the young couple and their immediate relatives.

Miss Agnes Whittaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melville T. Whittaker, whose engagement to Mr. Clyde Martin was announced not long since, has chosen February 3 as the date for her wedding. The ceremony will take place at St. John's Episcopal church. Miss Pansy Whittaker, sister of the bride-elect, will be her maid of honor, while Mrs. Hulet Clinton Merritt, Jr.,

will be the matron of honor. The bridesmaids chosen are Miss Dorothy Armstrong and Miss Della Burk. Mr. Martin will have Mr. Wallace Post for his best man and the ushers will include Messrs. Bert Nichols, Jack Visel and Hulet Clinton Merritt, Jr. A large reception at the home of the bride's parents on West Eighteenth street, will follow the church service. Mr. Martin and his bride after their wedding trip will make their home at 200 South Gramercy place.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman were host and hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner party given at their home on Orchard avenue, the affair being planned in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. James R. Page, who have just arrived from their honeymoon trip. The table was arranged attractively with iris, a large Japanese bowl of the pretty flowers forming the centerpiece. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Clifford Page, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Page, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. T. Fenton Knight and Miss Elizabeth Rodman.

Miss Jean Long entertained Wednesday afternoon with a card party at the Darby on West Adams street. Pink Enchantress carnations and ferns were tastefully combined in the decorations. The hostess was assisted by her mother. The guests were Miss Maria Vallely, Miss Marguerite Hughes, Miss Reavis Hughes, Mrs. Gordon G. Macleish, Mrs. Walter Mercer Brunswick, Miss Inez Clark, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Louis Hodgman Tolhurst, Mrs. Stanley Guthrie, Mrs. Stanley A. Visel, Miss Frances Richards, Mrs. Cotton Mather, Mrs. Walter Comstock, Miss Helen Bittinger, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Aileen McCarthy, Miss Angelita Phillips, Miss Messmer, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Lillian Van Dyke, Miss Gertrude Hanna and Mrs. Archibald Campbell Macleish.

Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Milton Lindley, who recently returned from their honeymoon trip, entertained with a dinner dance at their new home on North Kingsley drive, last Saturday evening, in honor of members of their wedding party. September Morn roses and greenery were artistically arranged for the table decoration, while pink-shaded candelabra illuminated the scene. The place cards were sketches of rosebuds. The guests included Misses Ethel Best, Helen Hermann, Edith Myers, Louise Blust, Messrs. Robert Elliott, Walter Van Dyke, John Luccarene and Newton Best. Mrs. Lindley was formerly Miss Alice Blust and Mr. Lindley is a nephew of Dr. Walter Lindley.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Louise Fleming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, and Mr. Ernest Duque, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Duque of New Hampshire street. No date has been set as yet for the wedding, which, however, will likely occur late in the summer. Miss Fleming, who is a niece of Mrs. John Taylor Jones, of Portland street, passed two years as a student at Ely Court, New York, and later traveled abroad with her parents. Both Miss Fleming and Mr. Duque are popular in the younger set and many affairs are being planned for them.

Miss Beatrice Finlayson, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Frank Finlayson of Gramercy place, entertained with an informal dancing party at her



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home Tuesday evening. The guests included members of the younger set, about thirty young men and women enjoying the occasion.

Miss Catherine Cocke of South Figueroa street has been entertaining several distinguished guests this week, for whom she gave a small dinner party Tuesday evening, following by an informal reception. Count and Countess del Valle de Salazar, have been enjoying Miss Cocke's hospitality attended the opening of the San Diego exposition, the count attending as a representative of the king of Spain. Miss Cocke's other guest is Miss Hilda Clough of San Francisco.

Miss Camilla McConnell of The Palms, West Adams street, was hostess Tuesday evening at a prettily appointed dinner party given in compliment to her niece, Miss Mary Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan R. Scott of South Hope street. The guests were members of the younger set, including Miss Eleanor Banning and her house guest, Miss Helen Goodall of Oakland; Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Constance Byrne, Miss Katherine

Kirkpatrick, Dr. John Kirkpatrick, Messrs. Ross Kirkland, Walter Van Dyke, Walter Davis, Emmet Davis, Eugene Hawkins, Otis Booth and Edwin Stanton.

Of special interest to local society folk is the formal announcement made by Senator and Mrs. Eugene Ives of Shorb, of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Helen Ives to Mr. Gerald Jones of Tucson, Arizona. No date for the marriage has been set as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Thompson entertained at The Palms Tuesday evening with an informal dinner dance. Pink carnations with maiden-hair ferns were used in the decorations, and places were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Norman Macbeth, Mayor and Mrs. Thomas H. Dudley of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. Duncan Draper and Mr. H. Nutt.

Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, with Miss Eleanor Banning and a party of her young friends, left for one of their delightful coaching trips to the Banning ranch home at Wilmington. Captain William Banning occupied the driver's seat and

picturesque old coach, a treasured relic of the early California days. The party enjoyed a day or two at the ranch.

Southern California alumni chapter of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity held its annual dinner-dance at Hotel Huntington, Pasadena, Wednesday evening. About sixty guests were present. The tables were artistically decorated with American Beauty roses and the fraternity colors, black and old gold were used in decorating the ball room. Among the patronesses were Mesdames John D. Fredericks, Olin Wellborn, Harrington Brown, James S. Conwell, Charles W. Rogers, and Frank Wing Taylor. The committee in charge included Mr. Irving V. Augur, E. O. Slater of the University of California, and William Newton Best, Jr., of Columbia.

Members of the Sierra Madre club this week resumed their regular fortnightly Saturday afternoon dancing classes, and tea dansant. Complimentary class instructions are given at the club by the accomplished society danseuse, Miss Norma Gould. These informal events have proved exceedingly popular with the members, their families and friends, and will be continued throughout the winter season, alternating with delightful dinner-dances which are given at the club every fortnight.

Miss Marie Cushing of Pasadena, entertained recently with a delightfully planned dinner dance at the Hotel Vista del Arroyo. A profusion of crimson blossoms and ferns were used in the table decoration, while individual bouquets marked places for Misses Cushing, Barbara Blankenhorn, Katherine Hoge, Ada Black, Althea Brooks, Robinson; Messrs. Clay Otto, Mac Blankenhorn, George White, James McBride, Ward Piffner and John Staats.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Cordenia Severance of St. Paul, who are visiting their sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Howard of 973 Western avenue, Mrs. John Percival Jones of West Adams street, entertained Tuesday evening. The guests at the dinner included Mr. and Mrs. Severance, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seward Van Dyke, Judge and Mrs. Charles Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Overton, Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Mrs. George J. Bucknall of San Francisco, Judge Erskine Mayo Ross, Count Axel Wachtmeister and Mr. Harry Gorham. Mr. and Mrs. Severance left Wednesday for San Francisco, whence they said today for an extended trip to Japan and China. Mr. and Mrs. Howard accompanied them as far as San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison McDonald of 2405 Fifth avenue, have as their house guests Mrs. A. H. Turner and daughter, Miss Ruth Turner, of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Seymour and their guests, are visiting for a few days at the San Diego exposition.

Miss Dorothy Youmans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Youmans of 508 Occidental boulevard, has returned from an extended eastern trip.

Mrs. Randolph Bartlett of 116 South Dillon street, accompanied by her three small children has gone to San Francisco where she will visit for several months with her mother, Mrs. Bertha Schwartz.

Mrs. Willard M. Sheldon of Palo Alto and daughter, Miss Katherine, and son, Willard, are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley, 2621 Menlo avenue. Mrs. Sheldon is a sister of Mr. Rowley.

Mrs. S. T. Clover of Clovercroft Ranch, Arcadia, is in Palo Alto visit-

ing her sister, Mrs. Raymond M. Alden.

Mrs. E. B. Solano and Miss Wolters, having returned from their eastern trip, are settled in their home at 2421 South Figueroa street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Macy of Pasadena entertained Sunday evening with a pleasant little supper party. American Beauty roses were arranged effectively about the rooms and the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pitcairn, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Drummond and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hixson.

NEW YORK GOSSIP

By Dixie Hines

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1915.—New York was presented with an interesting trio of plays the last days of the past week, and for the first part of the present week we have enjoyed a cosmopolitan combination of Douglas Fairbanks and Lou Tellegen, and Otis Skinner and Marie Dressler. This is certainly a happy combination of the two extremes in both instances.

Within the space of a week we have enjoyed two indescribable productions. The first was a revue, written and conceived and largely contributed to by George M. Cohan. He had the assistance of William Collier and this pair, with the material supplied by the former, and the able assistance of the large and competent cast, gave to "Hello, Broadway," the tinge of the rialto which is so dear to its devotees, and is not overlooked by that band of seekers for entertainment from other cities. The other was Marie Dressler, who had an entertainment which she called "A Mix Up." It was largely a dramatization of herself. Names mean nothing to Miss Dressler. She is a name and a world in herself. She could not rest without mixing up things, and this she did with a vengeance on the opening night. There is no possible way by which one can properly designate Miss Dressler and her offering.

Granville Barker will open his American season at Wallack's Theater within a fortnight. He will present "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and two Shaw plays, "The Doctor's Dilemma" and "Androcles and the Lion." His own play, "The Madras House" is also to be done.

Otis Skinner is one of the most brilliant actors on the American stage. This is freely admitted, and the wonder is that an actor of such undoubted talent should be selected to present to New York a play of such quality as "The Silent Voice," by Jules Eckert Goodman, founded on a story written by Gouverneur Morris. Yet it was done at the Liberty Theater this week, and the friends of the actor spoke of him more in sorrow than in anger when they took violent exception to the other good reviews of the play. The original title of the story was "The Man Who Played God." The playwright has taken the story of the distinguished amateur musician who is afflicted with total deafness when he is just at the height of his career. He looks upon his cruel infirmity as a proof of the futility of a faith in a supreme being who works for good in all things. He turns atheist and curses his God. When he has become so proficient in lip reading that he is able to converse with those about him he marries his ward, a young girl. She looks upon him as a "good catch" and goes to him without love. When he discovers that his wife is in love with a young man he cuts himself off from every one but his valet, lives upon the roof of his house and with the aid of field

glasses studies the lives and hopes and troubles of the people in the nearby park. Quite by accident he learns in this manner of a case in which his money can be turned to good use, and this starts a long practice of good deeds wrought all unknown to the beneficiaries. Gradually, the practice of good deeds heals the hurt in his heart, and when his wife comes to him he can forgive her and begin life happily again. It seems to be another case of the actors saving the play, which does not appear to have made much of an impression.

To the Longacre a new sort of play came this week when Lou Tellegen, whom we have before seen in a romantic melodrama, was presented by H. H. Frazee in an adapted story under the title, "Secret Strings," by Kate Jordan. With M. Tellegen were Mary Nash, Frederic de Belleville, Marion Abbott, Hamilton Revelle and Blanche Yurka, surely able support for any actor desirous of achieving success. The scenes of the play are laid in France, and Mr. Tellegen appears as a young French criminal whose scheme of life is to steal from the overrich and overfed. Gaining access to a certain chateau where he believes jewels of great value are concealed, he poses as a friend. And all the time he is laying his schemes by which he hoodwinks the comte and comtesse. To this end he receives unwilling aid from his wife, who but lately had learned his real character. All goes well, as it appears as if the deed has been accomplished, until the comte and comtesse throw off their disguise and reveal themselves as detectives who long have been on the trail of Rene. A short scuffle in the dark, a strenuous grapple for a revolver, a scream, and all is still—all save the buzzing of the stage automobile, which informs the audience that Rene, despite the detectives, has escaped.

Tellegen came to this country with Sarah Bernhardt. Later, he essayed an English debut in "Maria Rosa." Here he was distinguished chiefly for his dashing and debonnaire insouciance, his charm of manner and speech, and a group of mannerisms which were not objectionable at the time. In his present vehicle he shows himself an able melodramatic actor, with the same charm of manner and delightful speech which is tinged with the flavor of "that dear Paris."

Books and Bookmen

Owing to the illness of the author, Richard Dehan—Miss Clotilde Graves—the Frederick A. Stokes Company found it necessary to postpone publication of her novel, "The Man of Iron," which deals with Bismarck and the Franco-Prussian war. It is expected this month.

Of intimate war interest is a book promised by the Frederick A. Stokes Company for immediate publication, Geoffrey Young's "From the Trenches." Mr. Young was the only war correspondent who remained at the front with the allied forces through August and September. He was in Belgium when the war broke out and therefore his book will give eye-witness accounts of the conduct and progress of the war as seen from the lines of the Allies from its beginning up to and including the rearward movement to Paris. Stokes Company has ready "The War of 1914," a child's history of the present conflict, illustrated in colors, up to the time of the fall of Antwerp. Another Stokes book bearing on the war is entitled "Treitschke and the Great War." It is by Joseph McCabe, who presents an estimate of Treitschke and discusses his responsibility for Germany's course.

"Child Training," by V. M. Hillyer, which is on the Century Company's January list, presents to the parents

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of all children under seven, a system of early education, consisting of daily lessons, exercises, and drills, which aims to produce better children, both physically and mentally.

Herman Hagedorn, author of "Faces in the Dawn," who lives on a farm near Fairfield, Conn., says that he has found out more about the relationship of literature to life by digging ditches, making roads, and weeding onions with Hungarians and Polacks than he ever learned from books.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

IT was a sadly disappointed audience that wended its way from Trinity Auditorium Tuesday evening. John McCormack is one of the few musicians who make money for a manager in Los Angeles; and to have to make good on future seats or refund the cash was a hard knock for Manager Behymer, when the Irish tenor's temperature rose a little above normal. There are few enough artists who have sufficient drawing-power to fill a house and a ticket box and a money drawer; and when one of these fails at the last moment it is hard lines. With the individual auditor, it is merely the missing of an evening's entertainment; but with the manager it is the loss of the profits on the one in a half-dozen artists that pay a profit.

Unusually good productions are promised by the National Grand Opera company, beginning January 18, at the Temple Auditorium. Certainly, the company has artists which give every prospect of making good the assertion of the management. Among the names are several new to Los Angeles, but others will be warmly welcomed, especially Constantino, our own Margaret Jarman and Olinto Lombardi. Constantino sang here with the San Carlo Opera company about nine years ago, the second season of the Temple Auditorium, I believe. Sparks Berry was then managing Temple Auditorium, and so Len Behymer had to take his Russell company, the San Carlo, with Nordica and Constantino, to a skating rink at Eighteenth and Main streets. And I never heard more beautiful tenor work than that of Constantino on the improvised stage of that rink. After three nights there, the hatchet was "berried" by the managers and the company was moved down to the Auditorium. I understand Mr. Berry is now with the Constantino forces—such are the mutations of box-office life.

Miss Jarman is sure of a hearty welcome when she sings in "Aida" and other operas. I am told, she has made marked advances in the past two years in Italy and she was "some singer" before. Olinto Lombardi was a favorite with the opera public in former engagements of the Lombardi opera companies, and his "Mephisto" in Faust is a piece of consummate art. He is another who will receive a "loud hand." The conductor, Guerrieri, is no stranger here, as he also was in former Lombardi forces. He is a thoroughly capable wielder of the baton and a good drill-master, and if he has proper material and sufficient rehearsals there will be no lack in the orchestra.

One of the "novelties" promised by the National company is "Ruy Blas," by Felippo Marchetti. This opera is, so to speak, a "novelty" in Los Angeles, yet it was written in 1869. The standard works on opera make no mention of it, although it was the best work of the Roman composer. It is modeled along the lines of the earlier Verdi and probably will suit lovers of "Trovatore." As a preparation for its hearing, a reading of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" would not come amiss, as it is the source of the libretto. "Aida" is chosen to open the engagement, followed by "Faust,"

"Thais" and "I Lombardi." It is about time the latter were given here, with a Lombardi as a manager and a Lombardi in the cast. "I Lombardi" is another "novelty" for Los Angeles, for if it were ever sung here it was in the long past. This is Verdi's fourth opera and dates back to 1843—quite a long time in reaching the Pacific coast—nearly 75 years. It is in Verdi's earliest style, which means that one will not need to take a work on counterpoint or orchestration to the performance for its understanding. But it is a good thing to hear these works once. It was the best work Verdi had written up to this time and had an enthusiastic reception. It marked him as the successor of Rossini in the Italian effectuations, and was a step in advance of previous works. This is a rare opportunity to hear a work that held a high place in its day, and will furnish a relief from the perennial "Trovatore." The opera offers opportunity for elaborate staging and will be a test of the abilities of the new stage director.

Last Wednesday Archibald Sessions gave the third of his organ recitals at Christ church, in the series he has planned for this season. He had the assistance of the quartet composed by Mmes. Bertha Vaughn and Minnie Hance and Messrs. John Stockman and Joseph Porter. The organ program composed selections from Guilman, Mr. Sessions' former instructor; Lemmens, Scott, Lasson and Quef. These recitals occur at 4:30 in the afternoon and are attended by good-sized audiences. They have been financed so that there is not even a collection taken. In this way the church is acting as a real educational factor without the suspicion of money making and is meeting an opportunity in a way that many churches might do well to copy. A large organ is a great musical educational factor, and when it stands idle week after week, save of a Sunday, it is a large investment going to waste.

Adela Verne, who made a remarkable success in Los Angeles as a pianist seven years ago, is touring in South America and may be heard in this city later in the season. Miss Verne came here a total stranger, but made many admirers by her sympathetic playing.

Last week, there passed from the active service of the First Congregational church, at San Francisco, the organist who for forty-two years had played for that congregation. This is notable from the custom of churches in changing their musical forces every few years—months in the case of many. That Mr. Mayer held his position more than two-score years is as greatly to the credit of the church as to his own. Many an organist is worthy of holding his position for life, but few music committees can resist the current feeling of unrest that demands a change, even if the change is for the worse. A man who is a good enough organist to hold a position for one year is good enough for five; and one who is satisfactory after five years is good enough for twenty-five, barring old age disabilities. Another thing to the credit of the San Francisco church is that it gives him the

title of organist emeritus and a pension of two-thirds his former salary. Really, that church acts as if it had a body of Christians in its music committee and its board of management, whatever the title. Uda Waldrop, who recently accompanied Marcella Craft in her recital at Trinity, succeeds Mr. Mayer as organist.

Tomorrow Ray Hastings, organist at Temple Auditorium, will make his debut as an orchestral conductor with the Lebegott orchestra, which he conducts, as it plays his two movements of a suite by him. An event like this is doubly interesting, presenting a well-known organist as composer and conductor for the first time. In thus giving opportunity for local composers to be heard, Mr. Lebegott is doing a good work, and one for which he should have full credit, even from those whose works he does not play. The soloists on the program are Mrs. Edith Norton Dooley, singing the Polacca from "Mignon," and Ralph Wylie, playing the Beethoven concerto. The orchestral numbers are the Ricci overture of Wagner, and an arrangement of the Liszt second rhapsodie. Such a program as this, where excellent seats may be had at 25 cents, certainly should have large patronage.

Next Friday, at the Friday Morning club, Mrs. L. J. Selby will give a recital of sacred songs, accompanied by Mrs. M. Hennion Robinson.

Friday and Saturday the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra will give its third series of concerts for this season, at Trinity Auditorium. The program will include, it is announced, Caesar Franck's symphony in D minor and Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust" overture, with Sigmund Beel, concert-master of the orchestra as soloist, playing the Beethoven concerto.

Viola Ellis, contralto, will be soloist with the San Diego Symphony orchestra, January 22, Chesley Mills, conductor. Sybella Bassell, pianist, was heard in San Diego last Monday night, playing for the Mendelssohn MacDowell club.

Southern California chapter of the guild of American Organists held its annual banquet at the Hollenbeck last Monday night. Jaroslaw de Zielinski was announced for a talk on "Five Hundred Years of English Song," with illustrations by Mercedes Ciesielski and H. A. King.

Cummock Students Entertain

Students of the Cummock Schools entertained a number of invited guests Friday evening with an amateur vaudeville performance, followed by informal dancing. All the usual ingredients of "big time" variety were found on the program. Miss Margaret Alsip gave a Russian bride's dance; Miss Margaret Salinas offered a vocal solo, "Les Filles de Cadiz;" and Miss Ethel Phillips told Hans Christian Andersen's story of the "Shirtcollar." A group of students from the physical training division offered exhibition dancing. Even the "movies," which usually foot the bill, were present, a pantomimic skit called "Does Advertising Pay" being billed as "A Skeytone Comedy in One Reel."

In his book on "The Revolutionary Period in Europe, 1763-1815," which the Century Company will publish this month, Prof. H. E. Bourne brings out the theme that although half of the fifty years were years of war their persistent aim was reform, social and governmental, with the French Revolution as the great central event. A special chapter is devoted to the industrial revolution.

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U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1915. 02272
Notice is hereby given that Emery Leszjak, of Santa Monica, California, who, on November 17, 1908, made homestead entry, No. 02272, for NW 1/4, Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 18th day of February, 1915.

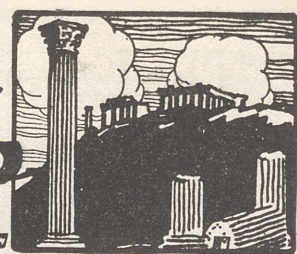
Claimant names as witnesses: Jakob Hoffmann, J. H. Mundell, Jacob Richter, Frank Slert, all of Santa Monica, California.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

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Art



WEEK OF JANUARY 11 TO 17

Joseph Greenbaum—Large canvas of Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry—Museum Art Gallery.
Hill-Tolerton Collection—Etchings by old masters—Exposition Park.
Jean Mannheim—Loan Exhibit—Friday Morning Clubhouse.
Jules Guerin—Colored Prints—Banquet Room, Friday Morning Clubhouse.
C. P. Townsley—Art Conference—January 13—Friday Morning Clubhouse.
Karl Yens—Water Colors—Royer Gallery, 744 South Hill Street. Continued for this week.

By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

Julia Bracken Wendt is represented at the Panama-California Exposition by "Blythe," an illustration of which is presented herewith. Like most of Mrs. Wendt's plastic creations it senses a serenity and spiritual quality which renders it significant and distinctive. Warmth and life, expressive of that subtle essence called personality are strongly depicted in the modeled lines.

As I desire each week to present a vital thought for the advancement of art standards I talked with Mrs. Wendt concerning her art. She said: "What we most need in California is a general spirit of co-operation. We must have a like pride in our country and city as that we exhibit in planning our private grounds. There must be co-operation for the largeness of things—not a pulling asunder. Then, and then only can we have a great art of natural growth. In this new day and age the West should express herself, keeping in mind the ethical side of the spirit which nourishes her in this freeborn country of large, open spaces, and thus can she encourage a true American art. Sculpture is essentially an outdoor art and, therefore, most suitable for California. No finer means of art expression is there to tell the history of our time and place than this form of creative art which depicts with subtle delineation the true value and personality of the things and events recorded."

Never have the walls of the gallery at Exposition Park been hung more choicely than at the present time, though the appearance of the room has a rather crowded effect, due to the newly-placed sculpture pedestals. It seems to me that these plastic creations would be seen to far greater advantage were they allotted space among the columns in the rotunda. It may be said that the lighting facilities would not be adequate to show them at their best; however, this difficulty can be readily overcome by the proper adjustment of the light forces. As space is limited I have taken half of the allotment only for this week's review, hence will only consider the new canvases. First, I shall speak of the rare eighteenth century Aubusson tapestry depicting the "Siege of Troy," which has been loaned by Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry. This tapestry occupies the west end of the south wall and is the most wonderfully preserved art object it has been my privilege to enjoy. Go and see it tomorrow before it is taken down to be replaced by the portrait of Mrs. McClaughry, executed by Joseph Greenbaum. This canvas is of unusual proportions and evinces Mr. Greenbaum's characteristic touches. The subject is seen walking in her garden beside her favorite thoroughbred horse and dog. This portrait study is to remain on view for the next two weeks.

To the right the first canvas

which attracts attention is one of the two shown by Jerome S. Blum who appears to have the post-impressionistic disease in an aggravated form. His "Beach at Bordifhera" makes one doubt if rocks or sea such as he depicts ever were focused on a man's brain? His human atoms are not so impossible however, for their modeling is plausible and their tone vibrations more pleasing. In "Reflections" is a most paletty composition. The fresh green colors of spring are there, but energy is wasted. There is a capital bit of Jules Pages. Here the contrast and clearness of the pigments used are most noticeable. The texture quality of the eucalyptus trees is superb. Hanson Puthoff has hung a fine landscape nearby.

One of the choicest objects in the room hangs close beside these two canvases. It is Myron Barlow's "Peasant and Grandchild," of the col-



"Blythe," by Julia Bracken Wendt

lection loaned by John W. Mitchell. This artist exhibits a most uncommon understanding of the psychological penetration necessary for the proper rendition of figure painting. He approaches his subject with deliberate and telling results. Each characteristic and significant detail has been noted. Watch the pose of the child's head on the old man's shoulders as it reclines in the shadow. There is poetry in every stroke. In treatment the canvas shows a leaning toward academic technique, and a little suggests the bygone masters, but the handling of the hair, the modeling of the temples and eyes bespeak the buoyancy of young, new thought. The chromatic effect is a low tone key, always harmonious without being too somber.

Cullan Yates shows a "Rye Field," also a loan from Mr. Culver. The leaden sky and its reflections on the field are well interpreted, though the middle distance shadows lack verity. Spring, joyous, glorious spring vibrates from the canvas of Robert Reid. Silver bells in tune—and all is harmony. Perhaps the modeling may be a little faulty, but joy is in the picture. Last, but not least, there is the still life by C. P. Townsley. The texture quality of the draperies one notes with pleasure. The battered brass plate with its apples and pears, luscious with their ripeness, over-

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flowing onto the table, the Turkish coffee urn, the ginger jar, all have been most individually treated, rendering the canvas of unusual value.

Another loan from Mr. Mitchell is Charpentier's "Port of La Rochelle." This large canvas hung in the Salon of 1912, which fact alone is sufficient to recommend it. It has the quality usually associated with this artist's work and is a most pleasing composition. Jonas Lie's canvas, "The Witches Pool," a loan from Mr. Alexander Culver is another splendid canvas. The witchery of the depth of the pool is its most alluring note. The clarity with which the water is depicted and the contrast created by the floating, snow-covered ice make it most individual.

It is long since I have seen two such fine canvases from the brush of Granville Redmond. His "Line of Light" is a most peaceful composition. One would like to live with it. The inlet is softly flowing on, and its flat, lowland banks are dimly alive with growing things, all seen under the influence of an opalescent moon and its shadows of light. His "White Cloud," which hangs directly above the first named, is a fine, open sea-marine. The slowly seething waters, their element disturbed by the schooner which rides abreast of it, are depicted with strength and virility, yet there is a certain quality of delicacy in the handling.

Karl Yens's water colors remain over for another week at the Royer Gallery. These small interpretations of this artist's handling are well worth viewing. At the same gallery Miss Emily White will show twenty-seven marines of Laguna and thereabouts from February 1 to February 15.

Jean Mannheim's loan collection which was recently shown in Pasa-

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN SAID COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF SAID SUPERIOR COURT.

B 18417—Department 13

C. E. Newlee, Plaintiff vs. Nellie May Newlee, Defendant.
The People of the State of California send Greetings to: Nellie May Newlee, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of November A. D., 1914.
(Superior Court Seal)

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.
By F. J. ADAMS, Deputy Clerk.
RALPH A. CHASE,
403 H. W. Hellman Building,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

dena will hang at the Friday Morning Clubhouse the entire month. In the upstairs banquet room nineteen color prints of notable buildings in the United States, France and Italy by Jules Guerin will also be on view through January.

On art screens, to be placed in the gallery proper at Exposition Park, the Hill-Tolerton collection of etchings and rare prints will be shown from January 15 to January 31. Among these are notable examples of Whistler, Brangwyn, Rembrandt and Albrecht Durer.

Books

HAVING pretty thoroughly established his reputation as a writer of virile prose, with the Big Outdoors as his subject matter, Henry Herbert Knibbs, author of "Overland Red" and other red-blooded stories dealing with western life, has undertaken to show that he is equally skillful, equally entertaining in the role of poet and in "Songs of the Outlands" he has produced prima facie evidence of his right to the title. There is a lilt and a swing to his verse having a suggestion of untrammelled freedom, an irrepressible sort of meter that rolls on to join the sky line at the far end of the mesa. It is a sturdy muse withal, full-throated, independent, picturesque and rather scornful of conventions. It ranges

Where the pack-train plods in the desert noon and the world runs out to space,
And the lone coyote's hunger-cry breaks the startled ponies' pace;

For this singer of the Outlands is familiar with the silent places; he has crawled along the knige-ledges ten thousand feet above the valley floor, knows the smell of sage in the rain and has faced unafraid the big game of the high Sierras or the bad man with his ready gun looking for trouble of his own making. He has loped over the trails with the cow men and camped with them by night in the rich bottom lands where the cattle grazed contentedly, and the ponies, relieved of their heavy burdens, rolled in the lush grass while their owners spun yarns of smoked taciturnally by the campfire. "Mule-skinner," prospectors, range-riders, horse-wranglers—all are known to this western poet who has fraternized with them and "savvy" their lingo as only he can who has been regularly initiated. He has known what it is to go hungry; has felt the sting of poverty, spent his earnings lavishly in the big cities when the foolish spell was upon him and later repented at leisure far from the haunts of men and vice. Tragedies in human beings he has sensed and limned; the lost loves of the lone dwellers in the wildernesses of the west he depicts with just enough of reserve to avoid pathos; the yearning of the rambling "Bo" ever to keep moving, the hazy, lazy hours by the willows at the water holes and the joy in star-hung nights, when the silvered poplar trees palpitate in the summer moon.

These are the subjects that have powerful attraction for this Poet of the Outlands whose muse is as unconfin ed as the wind that sweeps across the mesas of northern Arizona. There is a suggestion of Kipling in India, of Alfred Noyes at the Mermaid Inn and of Bret Harte before he became tamed and conventionalized, but the suggestion is merely in the swing of the meter, never in the matter itself. Several of the breezy poems gathered in this collection appeared originally in The Graphic, for Mr. Knibbs is of Los Angeles and California, the most pretentious, as it is the best example of his skill in the longer pieces being "Out There Somewhere." It is a queer combination of idyllic poetry and rough lingo, but fascinating nevertheless. From these "Songs of the Outlands," space permits of just one quotation; it is one of the shorter poems, but reflects the true spirit of

the poet as well as revealing his craftsmanship. It is called "The Hills":

Shall I leave the hills, the high, high hills that shadow the morning plain?
Shall I leave the desert sand and sage that gleams in the winter rain?
Shall I leave the ragged bridle-trail to ride in the city street—
To snatch a song from the printed word, or sit at a master's feet?
To barter the sting of the mountain wind for the choking fog and smoke?
To barter the song of the mountain stream for the babble of city folk?
To lose my grip in the God I know and fumble among the creeds?
O, rocks and pines of the high, far hills,
Hear the lisp of the valley reeds!

This is genuine poetry—the perplexed cry of the Outlander for guidance, for light. We of the marts of trade have the same longings to flee to the open, to the silences, to the high places in the hills; but alas, duty and life's discipline hold us in gyves. ("Songs of the Outlands." By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton, Mifflin Co.) S. T. C.

Mary Austin's Eugenic Contribution

"Love and the Soul-Maker" is a title which will induce many to read Mary Austin's new book, expecting to find their hasty interpretation of the title romantically confirmed. They will be disappointed. The book is of the most serious import. It deals with the question of love and marriage—well, not exactly ruthlessly, but, frankly, to say the least. Not every reader will follow, or attempt to follow, the variegated theme to its logical end. In fact, it is suspected that the theme ends where it began, but the circuit is worth traveling. Mary Austin ordinarily writes the most pleasing and lucid English printed today. Her power of expression is almost masculine—witness "Lost Borders"—a book that should be read more than it is. We said ordinarily; but in "Love and the Soul-Maker" the author has approached a theme that she undoubtedly understands, but does not interpret for general understanding. To go into a detailed analysis would be to invite entanglement and assume responsibilities too great and too manifold. Rather, as mere man, let us shift the burden upon the author, who says, apropos of instructing the young: "Even yet we have not sufficient honest experimentation of presenting the subject to the young, so that it may clear the reactions which the mere contemplation of sex sets up in the unstable states of adolescence. The whole subject is shrouded in distorting mysteries, in social hesitations and indecencies."

Most parents know all this and do not ask to be told it, but rather, desire to be instructed as to a remedy—a course of efficient procedure. Many courses have been and are being suggested daily. Miss Austin has her suggestions which carry weight, but as to solving the problem of humanity,—morals cannot be legislated, nor affections and passions guided by a written law. Miss Austin says further: "The difficulty with all our attempted solutions is that we are attempting to determine the problem of sex within itself." That is it. The author who attempts to regulate the powers which regulate the universe, is working within a circle. Premising then that "Love

and the Soul-Maker" is rather a history of past occurrences than a forecast of future behaviors; that it is palliative rather than creative or curative, why not read the book and glean from its many potent passages that which is worth while, that which can, or most readily turned to the best account, at home, and toss the remainder into the rubbish heap of experimental eugenics.

Almighty God made us as we are without explaining his purpose. Natural laws were not created for our benefit or for salutary purposes. They have always existed. It seems that the simplest way to live is to segregate the fundamental principles and cherish them; to be clean, inside and out, honest with ourselves, and courageous. Then our heritage to the race will not be inadequate to its future needs. Suffrage, Socialism, Single Tax, all spokes of the same hub, the ever-turning wheel,—and the car is not juggernaut, but progress ("Love and the Soul-Makers," by Mary Austin. D. Appleton & Co.)

Clever But Belated Satire

It seems a little late in the day to satirize orthodox religious observances. Nina Wilcox Putnam has written a little one-act sketch entitled "Orthodoxy," for this purpose, and while its cleverness is not to be denied it is not nearly so shocking as its author probably fondly hoped. The scene is laid in a church and covers the entire service from the time the sexton opens the doors until he closes them. Instead of singing and saying the conventional things, each person gives utterance to his and her thoughts. For example, the minister's wife as she comes in remarks: "O, I hope the roast will not burn while I'm gone! That wretched stove! My garter hurts. Shall I be able to adjust it, I wonder? No! Someone might see; I shall have to sit in misery. The whole congregation will watch me; but no matter how I act, they will talk about it afterward. . . . If only the children will be quiet! I will pray for that." Similarly, all the other members of the congregation voice their thoughts and the minister preaches and prays in accordance with the general condition. Orthodoxy is now leading such a strenuous life because of the serious criticisms that are advanced against it by thoughtful men and women that it seems a little out of place to poke fun at it in this shallow way. ("Orthodoxy." By Nina Wilcox Putnam. Mitchell Kennerly.)

Conversations on Woman Problems

"There are no rules for marriage, or the relations of husband and wife. Each marriage is a problem of its own and must be settled independently of all others." This, while not stated in so many words, is the es-

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sence of "Today's Daughter," a book that looks like a novel, but is simply a series of conversations between the members of a certain set of fashionables and professional folk in New York. It is by Josephine Daskam Bacon, and that is sufficient guarantee of its quality. Mrs. Bacon has no prejudices, and her arguments give every person an opportunity. The dialogues center about a young woman who has the ability and the desire to engage in social reform work, and becomes engaged to a young physician, later marrying him. He does not demand that she should transfer her activities to her home; had he done so there would have been no marriage. But being a young man of considerable foresight he leaves nature to take its course. Nature does so, but not quite as he had expected. There should be a special label for this kind of literature, so as not to deceive the plot-hunter. It is interesting reading, but it makes a certain demand upon the intelligence that the mere novel-reader will not relish. ("Today's Daughter." By Josephine Daskam Bacon. D. Appleton & Co.)

Sordid Stuff in Fine Colors

Everything has been done that can be done to make Gilbert Frankau's narrative poem, "Tid'apa" (What does it matter?) attractive, but it is impossible to transform it into anything but a grating, nauseous, sordid story of a foul woman with one mo-

ment of remorse, and a drunkard with one generous impulse. Frankau's last previous effort, if we remember correctly, was a lengthy satirical poem after the style of Byron's "Don Juan," entitled "Jack: One of Us." It was clever, its humor was sparkling, and gave promise of future achievement. "Tid'apa" swings to the other end of the arc. Granted the vividness of the picture of the oriental port with all the vices of east and west, granted the fidelity of the picture of a bagnio, granted that it is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—it is not and in the nature of things cannot be called poetry. Compared with it "The Face on the Bar-room Floor" is an epic, despite Mr. Frankau's fine command of language. It is as if a painter were to make a frame of purest gold, engraved with exquisite art, and set artistically with finest gems, and then place within its borders a canvas bearing a picture of a heap of reeking garbage. That is "Tid'apa." ("Tid'apa." By Gilbert Frankau. B. W. Huebsch.)

In the Land of the Incas

"Peru, a Land of Contrasts," is the tale of a book of wonders that Miss Millicent Todd has seen in that wonderful land of the Incas. For anyone who has ever read Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" and had his imagination fired thereby, Peru has remained a land of romance; and it is just this impression that Miss Todd emphasizes. Any statement regarding Peru, she says, implies a contrary statement equally valid. Rainless regions are offset by lands suffering from too much water, deserts are counterbalanced by jungles, blistering sun and Andean snow exist almost side by side. The book is a series of verbal images, a picture book, and does not attempt an historical view of the country. There are references to the changes in the people from the time when the Incas conquered the simpler savages, and in turn were cheated and destroyed by the Spaniards; and an idea is given of the enormous treasure in gold and silver that was carried away in those daring pirate-ships that have become a symbol of limitless wealth. And then to contrast with this are descriptions of the wealth of the jungle in rare woods, and cochineal and orchids and quinine; a wealth guarded not by easy going Indians but by the implacable forces of poisonous tropical nature. Miss Todd has vivid descriptive power, and with the simple directness of the enthusiast reproduces well the fascination of this strange country of her travels, Peru, the land of the Sun, of mysteries, and of unclaimed "opportunities." It is impossible for us among surveyed and familiar fields to realize that there are still to be found countries of unexplored and infinite wonders, but if this book is as true as it seems, Peru is the strangest of such countries. ("Peru: A Land of Contrasts." By Millicent Todd. Little Brown Co.)

Quaint Romance by Popular Author

"Little Eve Edgerton" is another one of Eleanor Hollowell Abbott's quaint romances. Although the title is not so striking as "Molly Make-Believe" and the "Sick-Abed-Lady," the character is fully as interesting and unconventional as any of the preceding volumes. Little Eve's father is a naturalist and geologist and she is his able assistant in all his researches. They pass all their time traveling abroad, hardly ever but a few weeks in one place. Her father has promised her in marriage to good old John Ellbertson, British consul to the island of Nunko-Nono, but Little Eve, after having peeped into society at a resort hotel, acquires different ideas, and wishes to see more of it before returning to her "everything green" isle. It taxes one's credulity to imagine a young woman who has

traveled from Kamschatka to the Cape, and "knows so much and has so much money," yet who never had a home or associate of her own age, and is as unsophisticated as Little Eve Edgerton. But herein lies the charm of the story; it is so different. Her quaint sayings and speeches seem to fit her exactly. Through it all runs that vein of humor which characterizes this author's work. Miss Abbott's philosophy on people and things is worth a second reading. To quote: "On land or sea the Lord never made anything as radiantly, divinely young as thirty. It's the birthday of individuality; the darling age of woman. Twenty isn't anything at all except the threadbare cloak of her father's idiosyncrasies, lined with her great aunt somebody's smile." It is a handy little duodecimo volume for a day's outing or a day shut-in. ("Little Eve Edgerton." By Eleanor Hollowell Abbott. Century Co.)

In the January Magazines

Norman Angell in the Yale Review, makes an earnest appeal for the introduction of a true philosophy of peace into American universities, arguing from the general understanding that the military spirit of Europe which brought about the present war is a true outgrowth of the philosophy that has been fostered in the schools of Germany. Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale, defines briefly the political teachings of Treitschke. Among numerous other articles, William C. de Mille's "Our Commercial Drama" is one of the most interesting, being a comprehensive answer to much of the argument that is being advanced against the stage as it exists, from the viewpoint of the "practical dramatist." Kenneth Rand's "Credo" is poetry of a high order. Numerous other literary and sociological articles of the thoughtful Yale Review type are included.

John Galsworthy's new serial, "The Freelanders," described as a tragedy-comedy of the English country-side, begins in the January Scribner's, and there are war articles by Richard Harding Davis, E. Alexander Powell and Madame Waddington. There seems to be a good deal of Robert Louis Stevenson's work cropping up from time to time, the latest being "On the Choice of a Profession," which Lloyd Osborne, in bringing it to light, admits was suppressed by its author because it was not of his hopeful philosophy, but rather a mental accident, Stevenson only in its fineness of form.

Belgium has its turn in the series of exhaustive "war manuals" issued by World's Work this month, the tragedy of that little country being described from many viewpoints. Turkey, being the latest nation to enter the conflict, also receives special attention. Those wanting authoritative information concerning the war, can find it in interesting form here.

Harper's Magazine for January headlines extracts from the unpublished diary of John Hay, "With Lincoln at the White House," interesting and intimate views of the great President. The remainder of the magazine consists largely of short fiction, of which there is a great variety, by Margaret Cameron, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Richard Washburn Child, Olivia H. Dunbar, Howard Brubaker, Elizabeth Jordan and Leila Burton Wells. There is an even more generous supply of humor than usual in the back of the magazine.

Mitchell Kennerley is bound to be original, so in this month's Forum he publishes the Sermon on the Mount by Jesus of Nazareth, and with unerring instinct, puts it in the leading position. This is a good introduction to the contribution which follows it, Josephine Dodge Daskam's

dramatic fantasy, "The Twilight of the Gods," the trend of which the following excerpt may suggest:

CHRIST: What was that, O my father?

GOD: Do you mean the sparrow which has just fallen to the ground, or that city which has been blown up and has dropped into the sea?

A MILITARY BAND: God Save the King!

A MOTHER'S VOICE: I am the proudest woman in France today—I have given five sons to my country!

A LAD'S VOICE: Slit the women's throats, comrades, burn the ricks, tie up the gold and come on!

CHILDREN'S VOICES: Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb tonight.

There is more than this in the January Forum because magazine buyers are greedy.

We are informed that recently an article sent to Sunset Magazine was returned with a note from the editor, remarking that it was excellent, and desirable, but so much space was taken up by the war and the fair that it could not be used. The January number bears out this idea. There is a great array of pictures and articles concerning the Exposition, so soon to open, a little fiction, the first story of the relief of the Stefansson Arctic expedition, and an especially interesting "Interesting Westerners" sketch of Frank Chase of Riverside, as well as one of Ina Coolbrith.

Art, travel and theosophy, as usual, occupy about equal parts of the Theosophical Path for January. "The True Law of Social Evolution" by "Artium Magister" is the leading article, and "Peace" by Grace Knoche, "Polarity in Structural Thought" by W. A. Dunn, "The Sex-Hygiene Fad" by H. T. Edge, and "Scientific Ghostology" are other philosophical discussions. Barbara McClung's trip around the world takes up certain parts of India, with the customary beautiful illustrations, and art is well represented by Anton Bragaglia's "Queen Elena's Excavations at Porziano," also embellished with fine plates.

War, war and still more war. Current Opinion, since it is devoted to the reflection of the contents of other publications and books, has principally to do with various aspects of the war. It is saved partly by the dramatic department, which contains an excellent condensation of "Daddy Long-Legs," a discussion of whether the theater has gone too far in avoiding conventional themes, and a description of the work of Professor Baker of Harvard, and his "way of discovering who has the dramatic instinct."

Notes From Bookland

Macmillan Company will bring out at once "Songs of Kabir," translated by Rabindranath Tagore, whose publication was postponed from the date early in December that was first announced. Within a week or two the Macmillans will issue a volume of hitherto unpublished poems by the Brownings, containing twenty-nine poems by Robert Browning and six by Mrs. Browning. The volume will have an introduction by Frederick C. Kenyon, dealing with the Browning manuscripts.

Henry Holt & Co. will begin their 1915 publishing season early in February with several books of drama. Among these will be "Possession," a fourth book of one-act plays by George Middleton; "Short Plays about Famous Authors," by Maude M. Frank, who making her debut as an author, gives in the plays human glimpses of Goldsmith, Heine, Dickens, Fanny Burney, and Shakespeare,

and "How to Produce Plays for Children," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, author of several short plays.

Mitchell Kennerley announces early publication, postponed from November, of "Contemporary Portraits" by Frank Harris who says that he cares more about this volume than about any other book he has ever written.

Third volume of "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," by William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earl Buckle, is announced by the Macmillan Company. It covers the ten years, 1846-1855. Mr. Monypenny's death interrupted the appearance of the later volumes of this biography, but it will now be carried to completion by Mr. Buckle, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Monypenny, and has been much consulted by him in the progress of the work.

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE

Under authority of an order of sale given January 4, 1915, by the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California: In the Matter of the Estate of Platt Wait Preston, sometimes called P. W. Preston, deceased, No. 26065, Dept. 2, I, the undersigned executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said deceased at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that said estate has acquired by operation of law or otherwise, other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, of in and to that certain lot of land in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California particularly described as: Lot Fifteen (15) Block Three (3) Vista Del Monte Tract according to the map recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Los Angeles County, California, at Book 12, page 54 of Maps, Records of said county.

The sale will be made on or after Monday, January 25, 1915 and written bids will be received at the law offices of Ralph A. Chase, Esq., 403 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California, or be filed in the office of the county clerk of Los Angeles County, California, or delivered to the undersigned personally at any time after the first publication of this notice and before said sale.

Terms of sale, ten per cent of purchase price to be paid to the executrix in cash at the time of sale; balance upon confirmation.

ERMA G. PRESTON,
Executrix.

By RALPH A. CHASE,

Her Attorney.

Date of first publication January 9, 1915.

36

Stocks & Bonds

Accompanied by an abundance of rumors regarding the import of his visit to the coast, Andrew Weir, the London shipowner, who has figured prominently in connection with the Union Oil refinancing deal, this week arrived in Los Angeles. His sojourn here promises to be brief on this occasion, owing to the unsettlement due to the war.

Mr. Weir radiates optimism concerning the conflict and predicts that its "back will be broken" by summer. Sphinxlike, however, is the silence which he maintains regarding the reorganization of the General Petroleum and the Union Oil deal. It is known, though, that the former consideration chiefly actuated his visit to the coast, and that there will be some sort of solution of the General Petroleum company's problems before he leaves. Whether any changes will be made in the relation to the Union Oil deal for the present remains to be seen. It is probable that an extension of time will be asked before April when a payment of \$2,500,000 falls due.

Union Oil stock was unresponsive to the arrival of Mr. Weir. It is a trifle easier than a week ago. The bonds continue firm. The stock of the Producers' Transportation company is quite soft, principally, as a result of the decision of the State railroad commission that pipe lines are common carriers. This may necessitate the reduction of the carrying charges of the Transportation company for taking oil from the fields to Port Harford through its line.

Associated Oil has continued a rather interesting feature of the market; it crossed \$39 one day this week. Rumors of an increase in the dividend are still occasionally heard. It is within reason to expect that the company's annual balance sheet when made up will show quite a substantial increase in earnings over last year, despite the depressed condition of the oil business. Associated suffered comparatively little on account of the war, and, moreover, became possessed of an important asset in the way of a refinery about the first of 1913.

Los Angeles Investment has moved within a few points, nothing except ordinary market influences acting upon it. The latest closing price is 54 cents.

Midway Northern is somewhat stronger. The low-priced issues as a whole have been rather inactive, and the entire list for that matter has been unusually dull. Bonds show a strong undertone, as evidenced by the predominance of bids over offerings. The bank stock list has been quiet.

Banks and Banking

National banks have been notified by Controller of Currency Williams of new regulations governing loans by them on real estate. He has advised that the maximum amount of loans which a national bank may make on real estate under the terms of section 24 of the federal reserve act shall be limited to an amount not in excess of one-third of its time deposits at the time of making of the loans and not in excess of one-third of its available time deposits during the preceding calendar year; provided, however, that if one-third

of such time deposits as of the date of making the loan, or one-third of the average time deposits for the preceding calendar year shall have amounted to less than one-fourth of the capital and surplus of the bank as of the date of the loan, then, in that event, the bank shall have authority to make loans upon real estate under the terms of the act to the extent of one-fourth of the bank's capital and surplus as of the date of making the loan.

Tentative regulations have been made public by the Federal Reserve Board to govern the purchase of municipal warrants issued in anticipation of the collection of taxes, or receipt of assured revenues, as authorized in the reserve act. The regulations are designed to give the banks an opportunity to make use of the reserve funds now on deposit with them by member banks. Defining acceptable warrants, the board says that obligations payable "from local benefit" and "special assessments" taxes shall not be taken unless the municipality at large is directly or ultimately liable. Warrants must be those of municipalities in existence for ten years, and municipalities which for a ten-year period previous to purchase have not defaulted for more than fifteen days, in the payment of any part, either of principal or interest, of any funded debt. Warrants of a municipality with net funded indebtedness exceeding 10 per cent. of the valuation of its taxable property will not be taken. No reserve bank is permitted to invest in warrants exceeding 10 per cent. of the deposits of its member banks, except with the Reserve Board's approval, and other restrictions are placed upon the amounts to be invested. Special approval must be received to authorize purchase of warrants of municipalities of 10,000 population or less.

It is admitted that 1914 was a most remarkable year in the money market of the United States. The war came unexpectedly and immediately every known precaution was adopted. The banking power of the country was alert to the situation existing. It exhibited the most extreme generosity, the greatest patriotism, and a wonderful amount of self-sacrifice, it is contended. The banks issued clearing house certificates and the government emergency currency. A moratorium was practically declared. No man was pushed on call or time loans. The position was not so acute to the average man as was the panic of 1907, for currency was abundant and credit protected. The new year enters normally in practically every particular.

Several New York national banks, including the Chase, are protesting payments of federal war tax on certain securities included in surplus account, on the ground that they are not "used or employed" by the bank.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, answering critics of his recent novel of newspaper life, "The Clarion," declares that "there is not one essential incident in the newspaper part of the novel which I cannot parallel and support by reference to actual occurrences."



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Week's News in Perspective

Friday, January 1

WAR NEWS: British battleship Formidable destroyed by mine * * * Slight give and take in Flanders trenches * * * British regard Wilson protest against shipping tieup as friendly, and are not so hopeful that it will cause war as are W. R. Hearst and other patriots.

GENERAL: San Diego fair opens * * * Governor Whitman's installation address is warning against lawlessness in American communities.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: One hundred thousand persons attend Pasadena's Tournament of Roses without one accident reported.

Saturday, January 2

WAR NEWS: Japan may be asked by allies to send troops to Europe * * * German statistics show that each mile gained has cost 5000 lives * * * Conspiracy to deal in European passports for spying purposes is discovered in New York.

GENERAL: Senate passes literacy test for immigrants, which President Wilson has declared he will veto, as Taft did, but it is apparent that the bill has enough support to be passed over the veto * * * Mexican convention to arrange peace is again delayed by dispute over question of proportional representation.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Postal receipts for 1914 were 4 per cent more than in 1913 * * * City faces long and costly task in its declared policy of confiscating the Edison system.

Sunday, January 3

WAR NEWS: German advance in Poland is definitely halted, and Warsaw safe * * * England shows disposition to concede points raised by President Wilson concerning shipping * * * Rains in Flanders cause continuation of deadlock.

GENERAL: Sacramento becomes mecca of the unemployed—politicians * * * Rush of steel orders is earnest of prosperity to come.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: It is learned that an effort is being made to have courts declare Catalina and other islands outside three-mile limit foreign territory and so not governed by county or state laws.

Monday, January 4

WAR NEWS: French hew their way into Steinbach in Alsace * * * Ambassador Spring-Rice assures state department that British reply to Wilson note will be friendly.

GENERAL: Villa and Scott to confer on border situation; conditions in Mexico City reported to be deplorable * * * Culebra slides may cause a postponement of the official opening of Panama canal and parade of fleet.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Jitney

busmen hiss and jeer while city council considers regulation of traffic * * * Beach busses are made defendants in suit in involuntary bankruptcy * * * Pridham retains control of board of supervisors, being reelected chairman.

Tuesday, January 5

WAR NEWS: Russians deal crushing blow to Turkish force in Caucasus, to Austrians in Carpathians * * * Stubborn but ineffectual fighting in Flanders.

GENERAL: Villa force beaten and Obregon occupies Puebla * * * Medill McCormick leads return of Illinois Progressives to Republican fold * * * Governor Johnson is sworn in.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Queer wild animal found in Knickerbocker Building fights with seven men before subdued * * * Suit to decide condition of aqueduct water is begun.

Wednesday, January 6

WAR NEWS: Russian victory over Turkish forces said to have been decisive and to have gone far toward wiping out Ottoman force * * * Stubborn fighting in Poland * * * Lord Kitchener in House of Lords predicts triumph for allies and says early advantage of Germans has been overcome.

GENERAL: December trade shows balance in favor of United States of \$110,000,000 * * * Governor delivers his address to legislature * * * Carranza victories continue.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: If state railway commission does not object, jobbers and manufacturers here will receive voluntary refund of \$50,000.

Thursday, January 7

WAR NEWS: Continued successes of French forces at eastern end of German line in Flanders are reported * * * German aviators attempt to raid Dunkirk again, but are repulsed by French aeroplanes and high angle guns.

GENERAL: Wheat sells at \$1.38½ for shipment to Italy where it will cost nearly \$2 delivered * * * Another revolution is begun in Haiti * * * Several hundred endangered by fire in New York subway, but only one killed.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Increase in both imports and exports of Los Angeles harbor despite war, for December, reported * * * Arizona anti-alien employment act, adopted by initiative, is declared unconstitutional by special federal court in San Francisco.

Daniel J. Singer, author of "Big Game Fields of America, North and South," is a grandson of the inventor of the Singer sewing machine. He worked for a year as a cow-puncher in Colorado and afterward hunted whatever big game could be found in the Southwestern United States, Mexico, British Guiana, New Brunswick, Alaska, and elsewhere.

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8:00 P. M. The "Lark"

Arrive San Francisco 9:45 A. M.

10:15 P. M. San Francisco Passenger

Arrive San Francisco 3:30 P. M.

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THROUGH THE "INLAND EMPIRE" OF CALIFORNIA

6:00 P. M. The "Owl"

Arrive San Francisco 8:59 A. M.

7:30 P. M. Number 49

Arrive San Francisco 12:50 P. M.

10:00 P. M. Number 7

Arrive San Francisco 7:50 P. M.



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Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

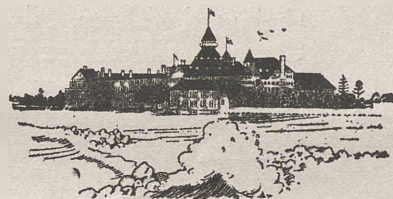
HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK George Chaffey, President.
George A. J. Howard, Cashier.
Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg.
Spring and Fourth.
Capital \$325,000.00.
Surplus and Profits \$35,250.00.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring
Capital, \$500,000.00 Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK W. A. BONYNGE, President.
R. S. HEATON, Cashier.
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth
Capital, \$300,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits, \$20,000,000.

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The Security has just credited to the accounts of Savings depositors \$1,270,877.61, the profits on their savings for the year ending January first.

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J. F. Sartori, President

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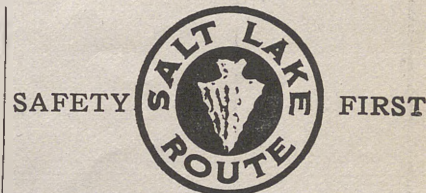
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---Every floor is full of unusual value interest.

There will be Silks at \$1.00 yard.

Embossed Velvets, Silver and Gold Brocades—Plisse Crepes, Embroidered Taffetas and Chiffon Plushes—Weaves that you would be quite correct in thinking you had formerly seen priced not twice nor three times but ten, fifteen, even twenty times and more this Monday price—\$1.00 a yard—

And 35 inch Black Satin Duchess at \$1.00 a yard—36 inch Chiffon Taffeta Pompadour—40 inch Black Messaline—40 inch Crepe de Chine—All these and many more at \$1.00 a yard. —Second Floor

A Sale of Waists at \$1.25, \$1.95 and \$2.45, half price and less than half price. —Third Floor.

1895 Ivy Corsets—fresh, perfect stock—at \$1.00 a pair, half and less than half price. —Third Floor.

New Spring Suits at \$25.00—the belted and semi-military styles with the new circular and plaited skirts —Second Floor.

And that perfectly Wonderful Sale of Art linens at \$2.00, pure round thread Irish linens that are beautifully decorated with English Eyelet designs—some prettily trimmed with linen lace and insertion—18x36—18x45—18x54 scarfs and 24x24 and 30x30 centers—all at \$2.00 each—Art Section, Second Floor.

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